

# THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

THE EDITOR

APPEASEMENT AT HOME

LORD VANSITTART

AN HISTORIAN'S VIEW OF SPAIN

A. L. ROWSE

THE UNITED STATES LABOUR PROBLEM

DENYS SMITH

SENANAYAKE: A COMPATRIOT'S TRIBUTE

C. E. L. WICKREMESINGHE

A GREAT COMPANIONSHIP

LORD ALTRINCHAM

WHO NOWADAYS?

C. B. FRY

AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS BY C. J. M. ALPORT, M.P.,  
HON. MATTHEW RIDLEY, ERIC GILLET, JULES MENKEN,  
C. C. LLOYD, RUBY MILLAR AND ALEC ROBERTSON

*PUBLISHED MONTHLY*

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## EPISODES OF THE MONTH

**L**AST month opened with May Day riots in Tokyo, which showed the world that the Communist threat is substantial in Japan and that the "democratization" of that country, so loudly trumpeted by General MacArthur and others, can no more be taken for granted than the anti-militarism of Germany.

There was also an ironical scene at home, when members of a union which has successfully insisted that no more foreign workers be recruited for British mines marched through the streets with a banner labelled "Workers of the World, Unite"—surely, in the circumstances, a "strange device."

Surely, too, it is strange that the Government and the National Coal Board should have given way so abjectly to the N.U.M. on this vital issue. We believe that this will prove to have been a disastrous surrender.

### Wage Restraint—Some Hope!

**O**N May 15 the Chancellor of the Exchequer warned the National Joint Advisory Council of the danger of inflation, and earnestly appealed to the trade unions for restraint in wage demands. As we go to press the T.U.C. has not yet made its official response to this appeal: but, even if this should happen to contain some rudiments of fairness and moderation, it will not necessarily represent, and will certainly not be binding on, the trade union movement as a whole. In fact we are obliged to say that there is very little hope of wage restraint so long as the big unions are in their present mood.

### Engineers and Railwaymen

**W**E mentioned last month the wage demand which had been made by the N.U.M., and the strong support which had been given by the Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers to Mr. Bevan's rearmament policy. Since then more evidence has accumulated of the way the unions are going. At the annual conference of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, at which sixteen of the fifty-two delegates were acknowledged

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Communists, it was decided to press for a general wage increase of £2 a week, and for a reduction of the arms programme, the prohibition of atomic weapons, a peace pact, etc. The importance of these decisions is painfully obvious. The A.E.U. has a membership of about 850,000, and its scope includes both rearmament and vital production for export.

The National Union of Railwaymen is claiming a wage increase of 10 per cent. for all railway employees, and Mr. J. B. Figgins, General Secretary of the union, whose views we have once before had occasion to quote, said at Sheffield on May 4:

Russia is not the aggressor. The aggressor is the U.S.A. America is prepared with the objective of waging war against Russia. American capitalists think that if Russia is allowed to develop peacefully she would set such an example to the working class that she would be top not only in practice but in theory.

With such leadership it is not surprising that the unions are going astray. Class-war propaganda, abuse of America, praise and special pleading for Russia, systematic denunciation of the Western defence effort—these cannot fail to have their effect. Most trade unionists lack the equipment to form sensible opinions of their own on world affairs: but they are in the habit of trusting their leaders, and the terrible truth is that many of these leaders are now, consciously or unconsciously, playing the Kremlin game.

### Farm Prices and Wages

SIR THOMAS DUGDALE'S announcement in Parliament of the award of £39 million to the farmers as the outcome of the annual price review has now been amplified in a White Paper, which underlines the weaknesses as well as the strength of the Government's policy for agriculture. Conditions in British farming vary so much from district to district that it is immensely difficult, through a price adjustment uniformly applicable to the whole country, to hold the balance between the farmers' claims for a just reward and the nation's need for more—but not too dear—home-grown food. Thus the West Country dairy farms, particularly the smaller holdings, amply deserved the help they get by a better price for milk and a subsidy on feeding-stuffs. This should do something to arrest the trend in milk output which has been marked in the last year. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether the arable farmers in the Eastern Counties were really in need of much assistance. High profits from corn grown on these lands too often go to finance wasteful capitalization, and even, under the spur of taxation, extravagant expenditure against revenue account. Then the organized farm workers, who are strongest in this part of England, somewhat naturally apply for wage increases out of all relationship with costs in British agriculture as a whole—not that their latest demand for a 32s. rise to a £7 minimum, with perquisites, is justifiable by any standards.

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### New Appointments

**M**R. CHURCHILL was wise to allow his team of Ministers plenty of time to settle down before making any changes. But alterations have to be made in every Ministry sooner or later, and Mr. Churchill's recent new appointments have met with widespread approval. It had long been clear that Mr. Crookshank could not adequately bear the double burden of an important Ministry together with the Leadership of the House, and Members have already noticed something of a return to his old form since he has been able to concentrate entirely on his Parliamentary duties. His successor, Mr. Iain Macleod has the misfortune to be known to the public principally as "the man who floored Bevan"; a misfortune, since it will attract undue publicity to every clash which may take place between them in the future. Mr. Macleod has an extraordinary grasp of all questions relating to Health and the Social Services, and there is every prospect that he will prove a highly successful Minister. Incidentally, we may add that his place as Chairman of the Party Committee on the Social Services will be taken by Mr. Vaughan Morgan, the Member for Reigate, who is one of the most hard-working among the many first-rate Conservative Members who were returned to Parliament for the first time last year.

Mr. Maclay's illness is deeply regretted, as his sound judgment and very considerable powers of advocacy would have been most valuable during the passage of the forthcoming Transport Bill. But it was a very good choice to replace him as Minister of Transport by Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, who is a resolute and forceful debater with long years of Parliamentary experience behind him. Certainly his presentation of the case for the Government's White Paper, in the face of much noisy opposition from crowded benches, could not have been improved upon for clarity and fluency. We only regret that he has had to leave the Colonial Office, where he had proved himself a most successful Minister of State. Mr. Hopkinson, who succeeds him in that post, is obviously very able, and we hope that he will not be unduly handicapped by his lack of experience in Colonial affairs.

As we go to press, Mr. Churchill has still not appointed a new Secretary for Overseas Trade. We very much hope that a Member will be appointed who has had some practical experience of business matters, since such an appointment would be of great assistance to the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, in the difficult overseas negotiations which he will certainly have to conduct.

### The Chancellor's Achievement

**T**HE debates on the Finance Bill are a severe test for any Chancellor of the Exchequer: but Mr. Butler has certainly emerged from them with his reputation very considerably enhanced. He has appeared master of his subject throughout, and although he has made a number of concessions he has been consistently clear-cut and resolute in the announce-

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ment of his decisions. His interventions are still apt to suffer, at times, from relapses into the prim block-phrases of a school speech-day : but he has recently displayed both a more pungent wit and a more trenchant debating technique than he ever employed in the last Parliament. Also, no Minister on the Treasury Bench can rival his power of concentration, with the possible exception of the Financial Secretary, Mr. Boyd-Carpenter, who has proved himself a most capable and inexhaustible lieutenant.

### EPL Under Fire

THE Excess Profits Levy came under heavy fire from both sides of the House, and it is good news that the Chancellor has modified some of its worst features. To take only one example, he has agreed to introduce a new clause on the report stage of the Finance Bill which will relieve investment trusts from the burden of double taxation. When one remembers how vigorously the Conservative Party protested against the treatment of investment trusts in Clause 23 of the Coal Nationalisation Act, it is really astonishing that Mr. Butler's original proposals should have been made ; and there was absolutely nothing in the Conservative Manifesto which pledged the Party to go to these lengths. Mr. Butler intends to recoup himself for these concessions by increasing the rate of tax on distributed profits. From the point of view of the revenue this may well have been an inevitable step, but nothing will alter our own view that all taxes on profits are bad in principle, since they lower the differential between the respective earnings of the more efficient and less efficient companies. Mr. Butler has taken a courageous step, by his income tax concessions, towards reducing the burden of taxation on individuals : but he has done little, so far, to reduce the burden on industry as a whole.

### Tax and Textiles

IN the running fight in Parliament about Purchase Tax on textiles there was room for all shades of opinion, and the Chancellor found himself assailed on many sides at once. The Labour Party, which tends to view all taxes nowadays as a means of redistributing income, seemed to approach the matter from the point of view of the consumer, rather than that of the trade, and sought the raising of the " D " levels, i.e. exemption of a wider range of goods from the tax, in preference to an abatement of the tax itself. Mr. Ralph Assheton and other hardy Lancashire lads pleaded for complete abolition as a means of restoring health and activity to the textile industry. Mr. Butler was almost certainly right in rejecting this argument. Opinion on the Government Benches generally endorsed his eventual decision to allow a moderate abatement of tax, the main effect of which will be to remove difficulties in the way of the manufacture of high-quality, and consequently high-priced, goods for export, by fortifying



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their sales on the home market. One good result may be that the industry and the consuming public will now know where they stand, and confidence need no longer be impaired, if indeed it ever was, by the prospect of further falls in prices. Now that the "D" scheme is safely launched, even though at some small cost to the revenue, something might well be done to simplify its administration, which is still cumbersome. (For example, goods which are exempt from the tax still demand as much clerical attention in the way of returns to the Revenue as those which are subject to it).

### Transport Policy

**I**T would be quite impossible to draft a White Paper on Transport Policy which satisfied everyone, and the Government's own recent publication has certainly come under very heavy fire from all sides. One point should be made absolutely clear at the outset ; this is a White Paper, and not a Bill. As Mr. Churchill said in his very eloquent speech in the recent Transport Debate :

The White Paper is a guide rather than a rule. It expresses our aims and policies, but it is capable of being influenced and affected by public opinion and by the consultations we shall have.

Perhaps the most important single feature of this White Paper is that it definitely rejects the ideal of an integrated and co-ordinated transport system. "Even if integration in its fullest sense were practical," we are told, "it would result in a huge unwieldy machine ill-adapted to meet with promptitude the varying and instant demands of industry." While there are many reasons for doubting the wisdom of some of the Government's proposals, it is only right that those who flatly oppose them should state just what their alternative would be. And those who still believe that the solution to the problem of transport lies in the direction from which the Government have turned away, must explain in practical, and not theoretical, terms how a fully-integrated system of transport could ever be made to work satisfactorily. The main proposals of the Government—to denationalize road haulage and to decentralize the railways—all flow from this fundamental belief that the Act of 1947 could never have achieved its avowed purpose of providing both integration and efficiency.

### Some Major Difficulties

**O**N the face of it, the Government's case for denationalizing road haulage is certainly a very strong one. Out of nearly one million vehicles which are engaged on road haulage to-day, only 41,000 are operating under the Road Haulage Executive. 110,000 vehicles are operating under "A" and "B" licences restricted to a 25-mile radius, while there are over 800,000 vehicles operating under "C" licences—rather more than double the number in operation before the War. The Govern-

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ment have thus an overwhelming case for saying that nationalized road haulage has failed to give the industrialist the service which he wants, and that the multiplication of "C" licences has inevitably resulted in a great deal of empty mileage and unnecessary wear and tear both of the vehicles and of the roads themselves.

But it would be foolish to deny the difficulties of the task which the Government have set themselves, or that the White Paper leaves many problems unresolved. Sir Ralph Glyn, the Member for Abingdon, is always inclined to reserve his sharpest criticisms for his own Party: but no one knows more about the history of the railways, and he raised an important point when he asked what was to happen to the very many road transport undertakings which the railways acquired by voluntary agreement and which now belong to the British Transport Commission. Secondly, there is the problem of the Conservative pledge, frequently reiterated, to remove the 25-mile limit from the "A" and "B" licence-holders now operating outside the nationalized system. Clearly the Government cannot hope to sell the nationalized vehicles back to private hands unless those who purchased them have the certainty of being able to gain a favoured place in the queue for the long-distance traffic. But unless the Government can assure the existing licencees that the 25-mile limit will be removed at a date not too remote, a large number of the most loyal supporters of the Conservative Party will feel with some justice that they have been let down, and it will be no consolation to them to be told that if they wish, themselves, to bid for some of the vehicles which are to be denationalized, they will have a perfect right to do so.

Above all, there is the question whether in fact it will be easy to sell the 41,000 vehicles back to private hands. Socialists have already proclaimed their intention, when they are next returned to power, to work once more for a fully-integrated system of transport in public hands, and they have indicated that they do not feel themselves bound, in the fulfilment of this objective, either to buy back all the vehicles which have been denationalized, or to grant them licences at the time of their renewal. However much the Government may be ready to modify their scheme in response to detailed criticism, the fact remains that they are undertaking a hazardous operation.

### The Levy

CRITICS of the Government's proposals have very naturally fastened on the proposal to raise a levy on road transport to yield initially an annual sum of £4 million. This levy will be raised on all goods vehicles, including those of "C" licences, though it is only fair to point out that the burden on each individual will in fact be very small. In the White Paper the objects of the levy are laid down with some precision. They are, first, to offset any loss on the sale of the assets of the Road Haulage Executive; and secondly, to offset the losses to the railways which will be incurred as a result of traffic being diverted from rail to road. But during the course of the debate, the Government made it clear that the

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levy will serve at least one further purpose, namely to compensate those who lose their employment as a result of the Government proposals, and it must be confessed that the operation of this levy will raise a large number of difficulties which cannot easily be overcome. The Government have explained that they certainly do not wish to "feather-bed" the railways, or to cover up by means of a levy a failure to secure reasonable economies in their operation. But it really would seem an impossible task to calculate with any accuracy how far traffic has been diverted from rail to road. Mr. Lennox-Boyd suggested that one question which the Transport Tribunal would have to ask itself might be: "How far has rail traffic in any one area declined in comparison with the general level of national productivity?" We cannot help feeling that there would be at least as many answers to this question as the number of people engaged in making the calculation. It is impossible to feel altogether enthusiastic about the Government proposals: but it is significant that none of the many critics of the White Paper (including *The Economist*) has been able to suggest a workable alternative.

### Houses in the Sun

THE Housing figures for the first three months of this year are rightly hailed by the Conservative Party as a post-war Spring record. We have of course been enjoying a record post-war Spring, and outdoor building work has been possible on a much larger scale than usual for the time of year, so that the two facts are probably not unconnected. Still, politicians are so often compelled to shoulder responsibility for factors even less accountable than the weather, that it would be unfair to deny Messrs. Macmillan and Marples their meed of praise. The tally of houses completed, started and under construction is up by amounts ranging from 15 per cent. to 30 per cent.; and there have been more houses built for letting than in 1951. What is more important than the bare figures is the attitude of the new Government, and the response of the building industry to the lead it is being given. The Labour Government always appeared to regard Housing as just one among many possible heads of investment expenditure, to be chopped and changed as the economic barometer rose and fell, with little recognition of the human needs and hardships which lay behind. Amid such uncertainty the building industry was at a loss. Now confidence is returning, and this will have a snowball effect, permeating all levels of the industry and its ancillary services. Moreover, if the Minister's hopes are not misfounded, his decision to postpone action on the thorny problem of rent control will be justified, since this problem will grow less intractable as the supply of accommodation catches up with the demand.

### Broadcasting: A Feeble Policy

THE White Paper on Broadcasting came as a grievous disappointment to those who had hoped that a Conservative Government might break the B.B.C.'s monopoly, in spite of the almost superstitious reverence which

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that great vested interest has managed to inspire. The Government's proposals are feeble and are not even based upon a firm principle of monopoly. While it is stated that the B.B.C.'s exclusive control of sound broadcasting is to be preserved as "an important part of the structure of our national life," its control over television is to be mitigated and "some element of competition" is to be allowed in this "expanding field," as and when capital resources "make this feasible." But even then "the new stations would not be permitted to engage in political or religious broadcasting." It is proposed that the B.B.C.'s new Charter should be for ten years, and various minor changes are suggested, such as the delegation of more power to the Regions and the future appointment of Governors by a committee of august dignitaries, rather than by Order in Council, so as to remove this function "as far as possible from the political arena." The development of very high frequency (V.H.F.) is to be left, in effect, to the B.B.C., subject to the pious injunctions of an advisory committee.

### Force of Habit

WE have said before that we can see no argument against free broadcasting which might not be used with equal cogency against a free Press. Similarly, we are at a loss to see what difference of principle there can be between competitive sound broadcasting and competitive television: if the one is pernicious, surely the other must be too. The enemies of freedom cannot salve their consciences by a partial and highly problematical concession; nor can they pretend that even that concession is worth making if "free" television is to be denied all reference to two of the most important subjects in life.

We are fully aware of the great work which the B.B.C. has done, and we are sure that it has greater still to do. But we cannot admit its claim to monopolize broadcasting. The official nationalized service should not stand alone, but should co-exist and compete with privately-owned services. The quasi-religious awe with which the B.B.C. is regarded, and the morbid suspicion of free broadcasting which has become almost universal in this country, provide an instructive example of what can happen when a whole generation is brought up under the ægis of one powerful institution. Reason cannot prevail against mass ignorance and the force of habit.

### Liberals in Conference

THE emergency resolution on Central African Federation, passed at the Liberal Party's conference at Hastings, that no such scheme should in any circumstances be imposed on the people of Africa without their free consent, besides begging nearly all the relevant questions, is a typical piece of policy-making *in vacuo*. Liberal counsels would be more down to earth if there were a nearer prospect of their having to stand the test of practice. But what may be of undoubted practical importance is the Party's

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declared intention of contesting more than half the seats at the next General Election. If they do so and if, when the time comes, there is the usual dissatisfaction among marginal voters with the Government of the day, things may fare very badly with the Conservative Party.

The long-term strategy of the Liberal Party is perhaps hinted at by some remarks of their recently adopted candidate in the West Riding constituency of Sowerby, which Labour holds on a minority vote. He appeared to discount the possibility of the Conservatives ever agreeing to a straight fight—in this showing more sense of realities than some of his colleagues—but thought that continued Liberal intervention throughout the country might continue to produce small Parliamentary majorities and unstable Governments for the other parties, a state of affairs which would at length convince them of the need for electoral reform—in fact, P.R.

### Central Africa: Another Conference

THE London conference on Central African Federation ended in “complete agreement on all matters of principle,” and we are shortly to have a White Paper setting forth in outline the “draft constitutional scheme” which has been elaborated. Comment on the scheme itself would therefore be premature, and we confine ourselves to two reflexions.

It is clear, in the first place, that the original time-table for decisive action has been greatly extended. There is to be another conference “in the last quarter of this year,” which will complete the draft with the help of reports from three commissions, “fiscal, judicial, and public service,” appointed by this conference; thereafter the draft Constitution will be submitted to the local Governments, to a referendum in Southern Rhodesia, and to Parliament at Westminster. This is a lengthy procedure, which may be vitally affected by political changes and chances in this country.

We trust that in the meanwhile all the governments concerned will be active in expounding the issue to as large a range of African opinion as possible. The official *communiqué* on the conference recorded “its regret at the absence from the discussions of African representatives from the two northern territories,” and paid a tribute to “the contribution of the African representatives from Southern Rhodesia.” But nothing effective has yet been done to conciliate African opposition and distrust, which are none the less formidable because they spring, amongst the majority of Africans, from sheer obscurantism.

### The Need for Progressive Measures

IT is true that argument in the abstract is unlikely to penetrate the African mind. But why be content with that? Would it not be possible to produce a five- or ten-years' plan of development for African educa-



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tional, agricultural, medical and other services, and to explain that this plan must depend—as it assuredly will—upon the increase of revenue and other resources which only federation can make available? Imagination in this controversy has been left hitherto to the anti-federationists, and their wildly unscrupulous propaganda has made full use of it. Why, as is proverbially the case, should all the best songs and stories be left to the Devil? In Africa, at the present juncture, to give the Devil so much scope may prove calamitous.

### Re-enter Germany

THE “German Contract” and the E.D.C. Treaty are either being signed, or about to be signed, as we go to press. The former admits Western Germany, on terms of almost complete equality, to the circle of Western Powers; the latter provides the framework within which German military strength can be revived in the West as a contribution to security against Russia. Both these instruments must still, of course, be ratified by the Parliaments concerned.

Only a fool could rejoice at the steps which Russian policy has forced us to take. All who are acquainted with history, both ancient and recent, must share our grave anxiety at the rearmament of Germany and must fear for the effect of irredentism upon the future policy of Western (as of Eastern) Germany. The new treaties may be defended as inevitable, but the problems which they create—or re-create—are just as serious as those which they attempt to solve.

### Historical Footnote

WE may fittingly conclude by quoting a phrase from a letter written seven hundred years ago. When the Tartar hordes were invading Europe (as they might invade it again, if we are not very careful) the Emperor Frederick the Second wrote to the Kings of France and England, and to the Princes of Germany, appealing for their help in the struggle for civilization. In this letter he referred to the special qualities and characteristics of the “nations” whose aid he was invoking, and the first of these was Germany, which he described as *furens ac fervens ad arma*. The Emperor knew what he was talking about!



# APPEASEMENT AT HOME

By LORD VANSITTART

IT may seem an impertinence that I, an Independent, should comment on the concerns of the Conservative Party. My only excuse is that I have been observing the affairs of many parties in many countries for half a century.

The Conservative Party seemed to me to begin its new tenure of power under a delusion. Having listened to its first utterances, I said to a friend: "This is going to be appeasement on the home front. The idea is seemingly not to rub in too hard the heritage of woe, which has been taken over, and not to rumple feelings by making it plain at the start—the only effective moment—that the unpleasant remedies now inevitable are due to preceding profligacy. This course, I suppose, is being adopted in the hope of getting some co-operation on the home front, or anyhow of reducing asperities to a minimum. It is also presumably a bid for maintenance of the bi-partisan foreign policy essential for national safety. Now magnanimity is a grand thing, but not when the other side does not mean to play fair. And in this case the Opposition has no intention of playing at all. The Conservatives will get no return for their forbearance, and by the time they discover their mistake the moment will be past for making the best of their difficult position by counter-attack. Public memory is too short to retain for long the desperate straits into which a once great country has been driven. As for the bi-partisan foreign policy, that is 'a goner' anyway. An embittered Opposition means to play party politics for all it is worth,

and will not let national interest deter it from using international affairs as part of its arsenal. The House of Commons witnessed many unpleasant scenes under the late Government. Under the present one the smallest pretext will be taken to make a scene or create an obstruction."

I submit that what I said after the Election has been borne out by the course of events. Appeasement as usual has brought no reward and the Government creates the impression of being mainly on the defensive in consequence of having to repel daily attacks, however trivial. The defensive is not the way to win, and local elections—besides all kinds of local talk—show that the Government has been losing ground rapidly. It is easy to persuade "the people" that there must be something wrong with an institution under constant attack. No allowance is made for inherited difficulties unless the assailed "comes out fighting."

Now this is an absurdly easy task in the field of foreign policy. The Socialists never had a real one; their nearest approach was poor Bevin's and many of his "supporters" never wearied in disloyalty. They are not used to the embarrassment of consecutive ideas. Look, for example, at the somersaults which they have recently performed in regard to the rearmament of Germany. They have now largely adopted the views of those dangerous nationalists, the German Socialists, who are trying to prevent it, as Russia desires. The German Socialists are constantly looking East, the policy of Frederick "the Great," of Bismarck,

of Rapallo, of the Hitler—Stalin Pact of 1939. Is it not fantastic to find British Socialism pushing the German Left away from the West into the old traditions of autocracy? The truth is that the authors of this silliness do not understand international affairs, and will not learn them.

They never saw that the flight from Abadan cost us not only £500,000,000, and 25,000,000 tons of oil a year, but our good name throughout the East. Thus appeasement only led again to a number of further troubles, beginning with bloodshed in Egypt. And now we have the Left suggesting that there is at least a case for returning Chinese and Korean prisoners to Communist hands, even when they say that they would sooner commit suicide. How can they expect that anybody anywhere will respect us, if we resort to such appeasement?

Socialists get themselves into the most laughable and vulnerable confusions. Look again at the antics of Mr. Bevan. His foreign policy consists in minimizing the Russian danger in Europe. He has thus become the echo of General MacArthur. Who would have imagined them as bedfellows? Or if he disclaims the MacArthur blanket, he must rank with all the damaging company which said in the 'thirties: "Don't arm much, and trust Hitler." To complete the farrago Mr. Bevan urges us to quarrel with the United States. "Americans like to be told the truth roughly," he says—*his* truth of course. They are unfit for world-leadership, and their policies are more harmful than Stalin's, he adds. Straight into the hands of Communism again! You cannot stop Socialists from doing it.

Bevanism, Martinism, Footism, Crossmanism, are a series of *volte-faces* and incoherences which offer an un-failing target for ridicule. They repre-

sent the eternal impossibility of cutting international issues into the shape of party doctrines.

Job was wise when he said, "My desire is that mine adversary had written a book." Mr. Bevan has obliged with one entitled *In Place of Fear*. Perhaps the sequel will be called *In Place of Knowledge*. Here again is a sitting target, but in all these matters the assailants are treated with the mildest touch. Imagine a simultaneity of President Taft and Premier Bevan, and shiver!

Hostilities—such is the present state of party relations—cannot be allowed to remain one-sided without disaster to the relatively passive party. Appeasement is no policy at all, either at home or abroad. It has now become obvious to every dispassionate judge that, with "policies" such as these in the Opposition's pocket, our country will be scuttled just so soon as the Left returns to power. Why not say so with a will? It is the truth, and the nation deserves to be told. The kid-glove method has been tried in vain. It would have been wiser to have had all gloves off from the start, since there never was a chance even of a "gentleman's disagreement." How should there be, when everything turns to the pursuit of power through perversion of reality? Despite the little-imagined danger of our situation, the Socialist moral turns out to be simply the old *Ôte-toi de là que je m'y mette*. No awareness is visible through the dust of daily scuffles.

On purely domestic issues there is more rough and tumble. The rough is still mostly on one side, but there is less of the misplaced gentility so often used by Government spokesmen in warding off fantasy in the foreign field. It has now been made plain that there is, and will be, no Socialist co-operation in rescuing us from bankruptcy. Indeed

the various unions' wild demands—sometimes Communist-inspired—upon a tottering economy are largely due to the example set by the Left at Westminster. The claimants have long been taught *not* to think, but to regard the State as an inexhaustible cow, even when the poor thing can hardly stand for under-nourishment and over-milking.

It is not for me to give advice to anybody, nor can I recall that at any time my advice has been taken. I can only say that I have never before in this century seen a contest waged on such unequal terms. I would very greatly prefer that there should be no

rough-house, which is not really in keeping with the traditions of the Mother of Parliaments, that the Opposition should return to elementary courtesy and realism, instead of unscrupulously belittling our perils. But since that is not to be, and since instead Britain has been polluted with hatred, we are more likely to get back to sanity if the pugilists are reminded more sharply that they have "glass jaws."

"Gentlemen of the Guard, fire first" was all very well: but it should be remembered that Fontenoy was fought in 1745, and that the propounders of that policy lost the battle!

VANSITTART.

## AN HISTORIAN'S VIEW OF SPAIN

By A. L. ROWSE

EVERYWHERE becomes more interesting if you are an historian. The present gains depth: underneath the skin of the present you see the bone-structure of the past. You see the continuous tendencies of a country's history carrying on beneath the divisions and controversies of the present. You are the less surprised by what happens, but all the more interested.

Spain particularly needs—and rewards—some knowledge of its historical background. For, after all, it is very different from most European countries. I forget who it was who described it as *Afrique en Europe* (was it Napoleon?) but even apart from its historical and other associations with Africa, Spain, as everyone who knows it observes, has an extremely strong character of its own. It is very idiosyncratic; nothing else is quite like it.

I have been visiting it mainly for the purpose of studying the Spain that the Elizabethans were up against, of reconstructing it in my mind from the memorials and evidences that remain. But though my object was the Spain of Philip II, I have occasionally seen something of Franco's Spain out of the corner of my eye.

They are not so very far apart, after all. I suppose Spain is much nearer the 16th century still than any other Western country; and that is no discommendation from me: it is what makes it so fascinating, so revealing of the past we have all been through. If you want to see how a country gets along with few of the sources of modern industrial power, pay a visit to Spain: it is like stepping back into our 16th century, before our Civil War—hardly any coal and not much iron, water-power exiguous, the country for the

most part bare of wood. Its main source of power is in men, women and animals. The donkey, rather than the bull, must be the national animal: the bull has a ritual, rather than a utilitarian, significance. Besides donkeys and mules, everywhere one sees men, women and children pushing and shoving and hauling and carrying. No coal, no oil, very little machinery, few vehicles, hardly any of the apparatus of industrialism so hateful to the eye but so saving of human labour; not much wood, plenty of stone everywhere—so it is no wonder that Spain has gone in for those everlasting stone monuments, from the Roman aqueduct of Segovia to the Escorial or the Royal Palace at Madrid, or, for that matter, to the large University City rising on the western outskirts of Madrid, which is, so far, the most striking monument of Franco's Spain.

In another fundamental respect Spain is like we were in the 16th century: it is an agrarian, peasant country, living very close to its own resources. If there is a good harvest, people have enough to eat; if the harvest fails, they go without. Three or four years ago there was a drought, people starved. Last year there was a good harvest; people give the impression of being contented, prosperous in a simple way—after all, it is a simple economy, as simple as that. This year, after the rainy Spring all over the peninsula, it is to be hoped that they will have a good harvest again.

What Spain wants is not more politics of any kind or colour, or any more changes—they are apt to be far too costly in human lives, with so electric, so vital and passionate a national temperament—what Spain needs above all is irrigation. Anyone who has seen what Americans have done for Southern California out of the power-resources of one not particularly

large river, the Colorado, realizes that Spain could be largely transformed by the proper development of the hydro-electric resources of her rivers, the collection and deployment of the waters of her mountainous and rainy North-West. The industry and a good deal of the agriculture of Southern California are run off the power and the water of the Colorado. The investment of a couple of thousand million dollars in developing the water-power resources of Spain, under American direction, would transform the country and go a long way further than any political changes to changing its mentality. I gather that the Government has begun on the work, at one spot on the Douro and at another on the Tagus; but only American resources could tackle the thing on the grand scale. Whether, as the country became less dry and more industrialized, its charm would not evaporate, is another matter.

For it is the charm, the distinctiveness, the very out-of-dateness we go to see, that we savour and appreciate.

Of the unequal I assert the sense,  
The valued quality, the difference.

I suppose it is in Andalusia—which, everyone agrees, is the most fascinating part of Spain—that one sees an old-fashioned world, a Victorian social order still going on. It won't go on for long—I do not mean this in any political sense, but simply that the inevitable march of time, the whole trend of modern society, will sweep it away. So it is as well to go and have a look at it while it lasts, as a curiosity, a survival from a better, happier world, apart from the enjoyment it offers.

Spring in Andalusia—the scent of orange-trees everywhere, in the courtyards of the great churches of Seville and Cordoba that were mosques far longer than they have been cathedrals, in the gardens of Alcazar or Alhambra,

syringa and summer-roses fully out while the snows of the Sierra Nevada still glow rose-coloured from the sunset upon the city-squares of Grenada, Cadiz Bay glittering in the sun, the sand-dunes carpeted with purple *mesembrianthemum*, the patios of palaces trellised with *bougainvillea*, the sun not too hot, the country all green and not yet lion-coloured—there could not be a better moment, though it is all too brief.

In Seville, with the instinctive rhythmical propriety of Andalusians, the religious excitements of Holy Week are followed shortly after by the secular excitements of Feria. After the abasement and sorrow of Holy Week, the manifestations of the tragic sense of life, come release and joy, all the fun of the human comedy. During Feria everything is geared to joy in life, the sheer enjoyment of living; ecstasy is in the air, there is a lyrical spontaneity about it all such as we should have to go back to the Victorian Age, or the Regency, to find.

Feria is the festival of the horse, and, I suppose, of fertility and the awakening of the soil out of winter. Certainly the horse is the prime object in evidence and honour during Feria. For days beforehand the horses—fine Andalusian breeds with a great deal of Arab in them—are brought in from the country: you see them being groomed in the stables that the patios of all the big houses still possess, in the squares, in the quiet back streets. In Feria week there is a magnificent parade of horses and horsemen towards noon on the big fair-ground of Sant Esteban. All the streets on the way are crowded with every kind of horse-drawn vehicle, innumerable cabs, barouches, dog-carts, smart, gaily-painted waggonettes, open landaus—all with their precious cargoes of Andalusian beauties in frilled and coloured frocks spread out

all over the carriages and draping them round so that they look like bouquets, the streets parterres of flowers. There are the turn-outs of three-, four-, five-in-hand, the horses decorated with coloured bobbles and ribbons, superbly driven by horsemen in proper kit—short coat, open-legged breeches with leggings or riding boots, flat-topped black hats and long sensuous curling whips. Up and down they parade, admiring, making eyes at, the girls; being admired and made eyes at themselves in turn. And then there are the horsemen riding their horses superbly, their girls behind them with brilliant frocks draping the horses' haunches.

Oh, it is all out of a vanished world—a social order, a kind of society, vanished everywhere else. What sort of a Feria would there be with agriculture mechanized, the horse abolished? Actually, Spanish agriculture is not mechanized at all; one hardly ever sees a tractor, or a machine of any kind on the land. The winnowing after the harvest is largely done by hand: all over the country one sees great mounds of grain and chaff, heaped up outside the villages, the whole village engaged in beating and winnowing and separating the golden stuff out. The textbooks of economic history come alive for one: there is a whole vanished way of life before one's eyes: this is what we were like in the England of Elizabeth. Not so much difference between the England of Elizabeth and the Spain of Philip II; but how much we have diverged subsequently! It is England that has changed, forged ahead, become a great power in the world.

In the process we have lost something: Feria gives one some idea of what. It is a real festival of the people, authentic and genuine, child-like in its spontaneity and impulse: it is folk-lore, in spite of the foreign visitors. After all, most of the visitors are Spaniards



from all parts of Spain, who come to take part in the fun, not just to look on. And what is so different to us—and so revealing—is that all classes join in: middle-class people, townsfolk as well as peasants in from the country; the gipsies troop in from their encampments to take part in the dancing that goes on all night in the open booths of the fair-ground; and the upper class, in this old-fashioned society, play their part too. I saw some beautifully turned-out ladies — in themselves beauties too—riding side-saddle with their attendant gentlemen; as it might be Edwardian England, or the Bois in the early years of the Third Republic, a Renoir, or a page out of *Du Côté de Chez Swann*. Punctually at noon every day I would see a distinctive figure in uniform driven through the streets in his black and gold semi-waggonette—two seats, but there he sat bolt upright, always alone, with that proud debauched look of the Spanish aristocrat on his face, as if life has nothing more to offer him (and I don't suppose it has).

The old Andalusian aristocracy come in to occupy their town-houses for Holy Week and Feria, throw them open to the public and keep open house for their friends. The Duke of Alba, an almost royal figure in Seville, was in residence in his—and what a revelation it is to see so beautiful a house kept in peach-bloom condition by such a savant and connoisseur. The Duke of Medina Celi was in residence in the famous Casa de Pilatos, centre of the social life of Seville at its most brilliant period, the house where Gongora and Cervantes and Murillo all visited. It only wanted the Duke of Medina Sidonia for an English historian's picture of it all to be complete; but I rather fancy that that unlucky family has come to an end.

I have the impression that the

Spanish aristocracy has learnt something from the experience of the Civil War and—like the most successful, and deservedly so, of all aristocracies, the English—are muscling in to play a responsible part in the political and social life of the country. Not holding aloof like the defeated French aristocracy in disgust, or playboys and lightweights like so many Italians—though in Italy, too, there are signs of some of the old families coming to the fore again and serving their country—not merely enjoying the fruits, but giving back in service and public work something for what they receive.

It is interesting to watch the social evolution of Spain, after the defeat of the Left, the revelation of its utter incompetence to govern the country. I talked with a youngish man, a survivor from the barricades in Madrid, who said firmly that the Left leaders in exile would never come back to Spain: the country had no use for them, they had condemned themselves by their complete and utter failure. But that does not mean that there is no social progress: one sees the onward march of the people coming about inevitably, in Spain as elsewhere—but under other auspices. Things are being accomplished that the Left should be doing—many of them, to be fair, started under the Left. Only, it should be obvious in a country like Spain, social progress *has* to be slow.

Take for example the work being done for, and the expansion of, university and technical education in Spain. (Not so much in primary education. But isn't that sensible and right? One wants to concentrate educational resources on the education of the educable, i.e., at the university and technical level. There is no point in keeping everybody at school till fifteen or sixteen—it is wasted on most). On the outskirts of Madrid there is the



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University City in mid-career. But most people have never heard of the remarkable work going forward at Seville. There the famous great Fabrica de Tabacos—one of the grandest eighteenth century buildings in Europe, with over a dozen internal patios and courts—is being transformed into a building for the university. I trespassed into and all over the place: the work was going ahead to house the faculties of Science and Law: the University of Seville will have one of the finest university buildings in Europe. Yet nobody knows anything about it.

This leads me to an interesting point. Most people in England do not appreciate exactly what is going on in Spain or how different things are from the impressions we have been given. It is curious that the régime there is not at all good at giving a fair impression of itself abroad. Of

course it has enemies, and its past is against it; but the interesting thing is that it is better than its past. It has become more liberal, more flexible, more free and varied, a great deal more tolerant of and responsive to constructive criticism. There is genuine misunderstanding abroad, and then Spaniards are hurt at the misrepresentations of their country that are due to ignorance rather than to ill-will. So far from that, I am sure that there is plenty of good-will in both England and Spain towards each other. I can only conclude that the remedy is far more contacts—for more English people to go to Spain, not just as tourists but to study it, and for more Spaniards to come to England. I think perhaps the most useful thing would be university and technical exchanges, of scholars, teachers and students.

A. L. ROWSE.

## THE UNITED STATES LABOUR PROBLEM

By DENYS SMITH

**W**HEN the American Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Sawyer, reluctantly assumed the rôle of steel industry overlord he observed: "We are now facing up to a situation which has long been impending, where a titanic struggle between giant industry and giant labour results in a paralysis in which our whole economic and social life may be at stake." Mr. Sawyer accepted the fact that there would be other occasions when an industry-wide labour dispute threatened the nation's existence. He suggested

that Congress should pass a bill "which will meet the demands of any situation similar to the one which now confronts us and the last of which we probably have not seen." The steel crisis, in other words, was but the symptom of a condition which had been developing for many years, one which everybody had avoided looking in the face, but one which had become permanent and which had to be dealt with.

At the turn of the century the great fear was that big business monopolies would grow so powerful that they would

overshadow the Government itself. Legislation was passed to prevent this—the anti-trust acts—the purpose of which was to keep industry fragmented and competitive. The individual workers were felt to be so helpless in the face of their giant employers that laws were passed to facilitate their combining into unions. Unions were exempt from the anti-trust laws in 1914, but the big growth of the unions took place after 1933 when President Roosevelt inaugurated the New Deal. Unionization was given every form of protection and encouragement, particularly the unionization of the big mass industries, where the older craft type of union had little hold. Big industries were kept apart by legislation, but drawn together as a practical matter by the fact that all workers in the separate companies of the industry belonged to and were represented by a single union. There are about one hundred steel companies, some very large and some small; but there is only one steel union. Bargaining over work conditions had to be conducted on an industry-wide basis. This pattern was even followed in the oil strike, where the workers did not all belong to the same union. The various oil companies tried to keep the bargaining at the company level, but the unions formed a common front to keep it on the industry level.

In the old days a strike was an endurance test between the management and workers of some particular concern. It did not cripple the whole community. The participants in the dispute were the ones who suffered. Now that strikes are on an industry-wide basis the sufferers are the general public and, as the oil strike showed, their harmful effects are not necessarily confined to the nation of origin. The settlement of the strike becomes a public concern, possibly an international concern, and hence a Government responsibility.

Moreover, the Government is the only body more powerful than any union or any industry. But if the Government must intervene as arbiter or umpire, it must stand aloof from the dispute and maintain an objective impartiality. This is difficult, because the unions are political forces exerting a powerful influence on the Government. In any big industry the total number of "owners" or stockholders and the total number of workers is about the same. In the steel industry there are 650,000 workers and 675,000 stockholders. But a steel union member's main interest lies in his status as a steel-worker. The man or woman who holds steel stock is only incidentally a stockholder: his or her status as a stockholder is overshadowed by other interests. The steel stockholders comprise such varying personalities as Mr. Ellis Arnall, the Director of Price Stabilization, whose adamant opposition to any increase in steel prices helped to precipitate the strike, and the wife of Judge Pine who handed down the original ruling that the President's seizure of the steel industry was unconstitutional. There is therefore a strong influence at work on the Government, whose existence depends upon the support of as many voters as possible, to favour the group which can deliver the vote and not the group which, though roughly equal in size, is unorganized and more likely to be influenced in its voting by other factors.

The real balancing force, politically speaking, to the sectional interest of the steel-workers, or any other large union, is the national interest of the whole consuming public. The days when the emotional response to a strike was usually in favour of the strikers, when the union wore a halo and management sprouted horns, are over. The two sides have not quite

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exchanged headgear, but the public are more likely to be irritated with the strike as such than to align themselves with one of the parties. They are more concerned with its consequences than with its causes. Sentiment against bigness in industry, which led to the anti-trust acts, has not yet developed into a demand for some curb on bigness in labour organization; but the trend has started. This should make it easier for the Government to maintain an impartial attitude.

As well as being political organizations in the sense that they influence national elections, unions are also political organizations as regards their internal structure. Union leaders depend for their position on rank-and-file support, and that support is measured in terms of wage increases and other benefits. If they do not win a wage increase each time a new contract is negotiated (that is to say, every year or eighteen months in most cases), or if the leaders of other unions appear to win bigger wage increases, some rival who insists that he could have been more successful may rise to leadership. An aggressive labour leader has therefore two factors to manipulate. He knows that his position depends upon satisfying the sectional interest of his union constituents; he also knows that he can influence the Government by his control of the way in which his union members will vote. So if he cannot get the concessions he wants from industry, he has no objection to throwing the dispute into the hands of the Government, which will be pre-disposed, for political reasons, in his favour. In times of emergency his advantages are even greater, for the Government cannot afford to let a strike continue which threatens national security.

This was illustrated in the steel dispute. The President started from

the premise that a prolonged steel strike was unthinkable. "If steel production stops we will have to stop making the shells and bombs that are going directly to our soldiers at the front in Korea. If steel production stops we will have to cut down and delay our atomic energy programme." American efforts to prevent the outbreak of another war had been successful. "The most important element in this successful struggle has been our defence programme. If that is stopped, the situation can change overnight. . . . Our national security and our chances for peace depend on our defence production. Our defence production depends upon steel." Nobody disputed the President thus far. But then he proceeded to give unqualified support to the union claims and attack the steel industry as solely responsible for the crisis. The industry was all wrong and the union all right. This created a strong wave of criticism. It was argued that even if the President had believed this, he should not have said it, but should have preserved at all costs his rôle of detached arbiter. Moreover, the President had encouraged the suspicion that he was playing politics. Only a few months before a national election, which he would try to influence though not himself a candidate, Mr. Truman had frankly sponsored the claims of the steel-workers, whose vote would be very useful. It looked as though he were trying to win the steel-workers' vote and indirectly secure the vote of all the members of the C.I.O., to which the steel-workers' union was affiliated.

As well as being criticised for partiality, unsupported by clear and irrefutable statistics, the President was criticized even more for taking over the steel industry without legal or constitutional warrant. A specific law passed in 1916 enabled him to take over the

railways. Many past seizures had taken place under war-time acts. But the President based the steel seizure on his "inherent" powers. The step might have remained unchallenged in the courts if the President had not made it plain that he would exercise his control of the steel industry by imposing the wage increases sought by the union. There were loud cries in Congress that the President ought to be impeached. But Congress itself was at fault for failing to provide any legislative procedure for the seizure and operation of a vital industry as a last resort, if all other means of settling a dispute failed. The President could have used the injunction procedure of the Taft-Hartley Labour Management Act, but this would only have provided a delaying period of eighty days, and there was some merit in the President's claim that, without using the Act, he had already delayed the strike longer than he could have done had he used it. Congress is equally at fault for its vague and imprecise legislation dealing with stabilization. It established no formula for determining whether a wage increase or a price increase was inflationary. The Executive branch of the Government was left to provide its own formula. Here Congress can claim that its intention of linking wages and prices was ignored. The wage formula was roughly that workers could catch up with any rise in the cost of living and maintain the "real wage" rate which they had previously negotiated. The price formula was that when profits fell below 85 per cent. of the average earnings of the best three out of four years between 1946 and 1949 an industry could seek a price increase. Now it is obvious that the cost of living depends upon prices, and that prices depend upon the cost of production, in which the biggest factor is wages. But the mechanism

which the President established determined each separately, as it were in a vacuum. The Wage Stabilization Board, under the Chairmanship of Mr. Feinsinger, dealt with wages, and the Office of Price Stabilization, under Mr. Arnall, dealt with prices. The Administrator of the Economic Stabilization Agency had a shadowy authority over both. Asked by a Congressional Committee how co-ordination was achieved, Mr. Putnam answered: "We have a habit of dining together relatively often to make sure that we do co-ordinate our activities." The Committee was not impressed. In the steel dispute the majority of the Wage Stabilization Board, interpreting its own formula, granted the wage increases the union wanted without considering the bearing which a wage increase might have on prices.

The steel companies' position was that both wages and prices should remain the same. When Mr. Arnall told a radio audience: "The simple question about the steel controversy is this: do you want to pay more for everything you buy? That's what the steel companies want you to do"—the steel companies could argue that Mr. Arnall was being a little too simple. They pointed out that they had not applied for the automatic price increase to which they were entitled under Congressional legislation to make up for increased production costs in the first year of the Korean War. They argued that any wage increase of the magnitude of that proposed could not possibly be met out of profits. The money taken in by steel sales looks very impressive on paper, but the Government takes two-thirds of it in taxes. The remainder goes to pay wages and stockholders, and to finance plant expansion which the Government has been requesting to meet rearmament needs. Wage increases

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would mean that either the stockholders or the expansion programme would suffer. If they came from dividends, no investor would want to put his money in steel, when even Government bonds paid a better rate; and if they came from reserves, then the rearmament effort might be curtailed. The only alternative therefore was to pay increased wages out of extra money obtained by increased prices. But, the Government argued, increased prices for a basic commodity like steel would increase prices generally, raise the cost of living, justify further wage increases and start an inflationary spiral. It might equally, as a few noted, by pricing goods out of the market, start a deflationary spiral.

The argument thus moves back to whether the steel-workers were entitled to a wage increase "to catch up with the cost of living", or whether they would be leaping ahead and so cause every other big union to demand wage increases. The dispute came to a head at a time when the cost of living graph was levelling off and there were indications that it was about to head downwards; but the union based its case on what had happened in the past, not on what might happen. The Government's own figures do not bear out the union's claim which the President accepted. The Bureau of Labour Statistics lists the hourly average earnings of 264 categories of workers. For the last quarter of 1951 steel-workers were better off than the workers in 218 other categories. Their average hourly pay was \$1.88—16 per cent. above the \$1.62 average for all industrial workers. Since the War the steel-workers had had five "rounds" of wage increases: their present request was for a sixth round. During the post-war period steel wages have risen 60.1 per cent. and the cost of living 40.9 per cent. It was no doubt galling

for steel-workers to see that they were not so well off on the average as miners, oil-workers and automobile-workers, even if they were better off than shipyard-workers, railway-workers and textile-workers. But any increase which they secured would only cause all other unions to struggle to maintain their original position on the wage-scale ladder. The fixed income workers, the self-employed and the white-collar class in general, alone would be left behind.

When a large part of the economy of a nation is being diverted from the consuming public to rearmament, the whole nation is materially less well off than it would otherwise be. If in such circumstances any section of the nation tries to quarantine itself from what is happening and keep up a constant improvement in living standards, it can only do so by making the rest of the community bear a disproportionate share of the burden. The subconscious realization that this is what happens probably accounts for the lack of public support for industry-wide strikes—in addition to the realization that the general public suffers from a prolonged dispute more than those who take part in it. A Supreme Court Justice, referring to large concentrations of private power, which must now include unions as well as big business, observed: "Power can be benign or it can be dangerous. The philosophy of the Sherman Act is that it should not exist." The approach to-day is a little different. The big concentrations of economic power, giant industry and giant labour, do exist. The problem is now how to control them and bring them to agreement without harming the general public. How to deal with the problem is still obscure, but at least it is recognized that the problem exists.

DENYS SMITH.



# SENANAYAKE: A COMPATRIOT'S TRIBUTE

By C. E. L. WICKREMESINGHE

**D**ON STEPHEN SENANAYAKE belongs to the great generation of Asian leaders of the 20th century who helped in the re-birth of the new Asian states of the East. Born into a small country he had necessarily to play his rôle on a smaller stage than Gandhi, Nehru, Jinnah, Aung San or Soekarno, but his achievement was no less significant than theirs. His great importance for Asia is that in his leadership of the national movement in Ceylon he provided an object-lesson of nationalism which was fervent but none the less tempered with moderation. It was primarily due to him that Ceylon, alone of the new nations in Asia, achieved her political independence without violence or bloodshed, and to-day enjoys an internal stability and tranquillity that are unparalleled in the rest of the continent.

Senanayake was born in 1884, the son of a wealthy owner of estates and plumbago mines. He was educated at one of Ceylon's leading public schools, but academic learning was never his forte and at school he distinguished himself at cricket and football. His real schooling came from his first-hand contact with the men on his father's estates and mines. This background helped to instil into him that love of the land and deep sympathy for the common people which were to be the essence of his character in later years. Agriculture was his first vocation and even many years later, as Prime Minister of the Dominion of Ceylon, he described himself in *Who's Who* as an "agricul-

turist by training and choice . . . a keen paddy cultivator and can take a hand behind the plough even to-day."

An outbreak of communal riots between the Sinhalese and Muslims in 1915 first brought Senanayake into national prominence. The riots led to an error of judgment on the part of the British Administration of the time. Martial law was declared and a large number of national leaders were arrested and imprisoned, although they had themselves deplored the rioting and were guilty of no offence. Senanayake was one of those who were arrested in this way, and he was imprisoned for forty days. This episode brought Senanayake into the mainstream of politics. In 1922 he entered the Legislative Assembly of the Island unopposed (he never had to face an electoral contest until 1947). In 1931 he entered the State Council established under the Donoughmore Constitution, which gave Ceylon a greater measure of self-government, and was elected Minister of Agriculture and Lands, an office in which he served for fifteen years.

It was during his tenure of this Ministry that Senanayake made one of his greatest contributions to Ceylon's progress and prosperity. He conceived the idea of restoring the irrigation tanks built by the ancient Sinhalese Kings, and colonizing the dry zone which had once been the seat of Ceylon's civilization, but which was now overgrown by jungle. This might have seemed merely a visionary dream, but to its execution Senanayake brought his



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years of practical experience as an agriculturist and the drive and untiring energy of a man of action. The colonization schemes that have changed what was once arid jungle into green fields, the Gal Oya multi-purpose project (which was his conception, though executed later under the direction of his son who succeeded him as Minister of Agriculture, and who is now Prime Minister)—these will be among his most enduring memorials.

While he was laying the foundations of Ceylon's future prosperity, Senanayake was also working towards the goal he had set himself of achieving full responsible government for Ceylon within the Commonwealth. The manner in which he realized this aim is a tribute to his genius as a statesman. His methods were those of patient negotiation and persuasion. From the first he stood firmly against the use of violence in any form as a means of gaining freedom. This was not only in keeping with the national traditions of Ceylon and the sentiments of a Buddhist country, but was also typical of his own temperament and convictions. The progress of negotiations with Whitehall, which culminated in the grant of Dominion status in 1947, exemplified Senanayake's distinctive political talents—his moderation, patient persistence, shrewdness and ability to understand and handle men. Sir Ivor Jennings, who acted as his constitutional adviser during the last few years of these negotiations and saw much of them from inside, has said of Senanayake: "He had not only the fire of complete conviction, but also the sense of strategy of a great general."

Senanayake's political tasks were not ended with the achievement of national independence. Ceylon's new political status brought him, in the first place, larger responsibilities and a wider sphere of work. He always



DON STEPHEN SENANAYAKE WITH HIS SON, THE PRESENT PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON.

emphasized the fact that Ceylon was a small country and could not stand alone, and was determined to maintain friendly ties with Britain and the rest of the Commonwealth, in which Ceylon was now an equal partner. As Premier of the new Dominion Senanayake became a respected figure in the councils of the Commonwealth. There were few Premiers in the Commonwealth who had had such a long and seasoned experience in politics. He brought to the framing of Commonwealth policy a distinctively Asian voice, and a belief in what he himself called "The Middle Way."

Internally there were still political problems which Senanayake had to face after Independence. He devoted the greater part of his energy in the years after 1947 to the building of national unity and the maintenance of political stability. He succeeded in eliminating communalism almost en-

tirely from the political scene in Ceylon and under his leadership representatives of all communities united in the task of building a nation. At the same time he set his face steadfastly against political extremes of every kind—fanatical, religious and nationalist trends, and the totalitarianism of several sects of Marxists. The measure of his

success is that Ceylon has been free from the communal strife which has ravaged India and Pakistan, the civil wars and internal unrest which have convulsed Burma, Indo-China, Malaya and Indonesia, and the horrors of totalitarianism which have fastened on China.

C. E. L. WICKREMESINGHE.

## CONFERENCE ON THE RHINE

By C. J. M. ALPORT, M.P.

IN 1945 most of us wiped the German problem from our minds. We had lived with it night and day for the best part of a generation. It was a relief to be rid at last of the ferocity and boundless arrogance which post-Versailles Germany had almost invariably displayed. Even though Russian propaganda bore at times an uncomfortable likeness to the pre-war ravings of the Nazis, it at any rate was free from the familiar guttural tones.

It was characteristic of this attitude that we saw the milestones in post-war diplomacy, such as the Berlin air-lift and the Schuman Plan, not in their German, but in their Russian and French, contexts respectively. We were content to leave such problems as the refugees from the East and the programme of demilitarization for politicians to cope with, and indulged ourselves complacently in the arrant escapism of the Welfare State. Germany, defeated and divided, lay like a fallen boxer in the centre of the ring over whom the rest stood quarrelling, while the referee—the United Nations—gesticulated helplessly in a corner, unable to stop the quarrel or even make itself heard. Few of us were prepared to face the fact that sooner or later our

prostrate opponent would recover consciousness, and perhaps, after a breather, be ready to return to the fray.

I freely confess that I am among those who have, since the end of the War, scarcely given Germany a thought. I knew that one day Germany must recover. I realized that her industry, when it did revive, would provide a new and strenuous element of competition for British trade. In my more pessimistic moments I told myself that Nazi militarism was not dead in Germany, but sleeping, like Frederick Barbarossa with his knights in the enchanted cave above Berchtesgaden. Still, I thought, we have surely enough on our plate already, and sufficient unto the day is the potential evil thereof.

When, therefore, I received an invitation some weeks ago from the *Deutsch-Englische Gesellschaft* to attend an informal conference at Königswinter on the Rhine, my first reaction was to refuse. To accept would be to acknowledge that the German problem had once more joined the thronging anxieties with which post-war Britain was already faced. My eventual decision to go arose simply from faint nostalgic memories of spring-time in the Rhineland when that ancient

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heart of Europe is restored to its eternal youth. It would be pleasant once again to climb among the vineyards to where some broken castle stands high above, and to see again the cherry blossom fill the valleys round about it with an avalanche of white. Whatever else the war had altered, such things would surely remain unchanged.

The theme of the Conference was advertised as being *Gross Britannien und der Kontinent*. My English colleagues comprised a friendly cross-section of contemporary political and journalistic life. For many, their most recent experience of Germany had been as Army officers in Montgomery's victorious advance. Curiosity and nostalgia provided for them, as for me, far stronger incentives than any real desire to wrestle intellectually with the more complex problems of international affairs.

It was soon clear that the motives of the German group were far more businesslike. The organizers had succeeded in bringing together a formidable selection of the leading personalities in Federal Germany to-day. Whereas in Britain one *Economist* is sufficient and, on occasion, seems rather more than enough, every sizeable German town appears to boast an economics journal at least as authoritative and even more pontifical. Moreover, probably as a reaction from the years of Nazi censorship and under the stimulus of the British Control Commission, Germany appears to abound in institutes of international affairs. Each of these possesses its own magazine. The editors of these groups of publications provided the German delegation with an expert nucleus. In addition, a number of leading Christian-Democrat and Social-Democrat politicians took part in the discussions. Hovering discreetly in the background

were representatives of the British authorities in Germany and of the Foreign Office at home.

By tacit agreement, therefore, the Conference speedily abandoned the contemplation of vague ideas about European unity and federation. German spokesmen displayed an almost uncanny grasp of the reasons behind Britain's reluctance to allow itself to become involved in such schemes. It was difficult to escape the impression that the Germans welcomed, and even encouraged, this attitude, for the simple reason that it would leave the rôle of future leadership free for Germany to assume. They have no illusions about the continuing weakness of France and Italy. American influence is regarded as both transient and fickle, and not likely to provide for Europe the leadership which it requires. Russia can only dominate Europe by war, and Germany does not believe that war is imminent. Rivalry is therefore once again reduced to the simple issue between Britain and Germany. If Britain stands apart from Europe, Germany will have the field to itself.

We were therefore just as content as our German colleagues to study the character of this Germany, struggling all around us to shake itself clear of the moral and material debris of defeat. It was significant that, in spite of the galaxy of economic talent, our discussions centred almost exclusively round the political and military aspects of the problem. We noted with astonishment the casual way in which our German colleagues dismissed the possible effects on German standards of living of a prospective arms bill of £1,000 million. Maybe they believe that the Atlantic Powers would meet a substantial part of this expenditure, but it is equally possible that the slogan "Guns before Butter" has survived Hermann Goering's demise.

Among the experts provided by the organizers to advise the Conference was a retired *Wehrmacht* general. His father had been Master of the Horse to the King of Württemberg, and to-day he combines some modest appointment in a Ministry of Social Affairs with responsibility for advising the Federal Government on the raising of its contribution to the European Defence Community. He had commanded the Panzer Group during the Normandy campaign and had earlier led Rundstedt's armoured formations on the Eastern Front. He was therefore a link with that aspect of the German tradition which, although twice extinguished, continues as large as life.

In contrast to a personality who, in spite of his English country clothes, thus personified the old German military order, were the political leaders of the new Germany. A feature of the Conference was a reception given by Chancellor Adenauer at Bonn to the British representatives. Except, perhaps, for his leading political opponent, Herr Schumacher, Chancellor Adenauer's name is almost the only one in post-war Germany with which the British public is moderately familiar. He is astute and tough—the word ruthless is inescapable. There lurked in his sonorous Rhenish accent the stubbornness which we have learnt to our cost to associate with the German character. Whether the next generation of his countrymen will honour or neglect him, Adenauer and Stresemann will stand together as the statesmen who raised Germany out of disaster and laid the foundations upon which lesser men could build.

The arrival towards the end of the Conference of Dr. Adolf Arndt caused an excited stir among our German colleagues. They told us in whispers that the Doctor was destined to be the first Social-Democrat Minister of

Foreign Affairs. They agreed that he was not a comfortable person to tackle at the conference table or in debate. As a successful lawyer in Hitler's Berlin, he had refused courageously to come to terms with the Nazis. It was obvious that co-operation of any sort did not come easily to so cold and competent an individual. During the brief period in which I saw him in action I was struck by his intense integrity and felt that there, at any rate, went one civilian who could hold his own with the recrudescing Nazism and the arrogance of the ex-*Wehrmacht* generals.

These three men seem to me to embody the past, present and the future of Germany. It would be nonsense to believe that the war has left nothing there unchanged. We would be equally misguided if we thought that her great military defeat and the overthrow of Hitler has turned her people into democrats, or made them like such ideas. Her powers of recovery are immense. Men like Adenauer, Arndt and the *Wehrmacht* general are quickly picking up the threads of the German past. It lies within their power to reproduce its evil aspects in the future and to carry the world again along that deadly road which two generations have trod.

I do not mean that this is inevitable. The decision does not, however, lie with the United States or the United Nations, with Russia, France or Italy, or even entirely with the Germans themselves. Great Britain still exerts a curious fascination over the German mind. Despite our troubles, we are a symbol of success. We have acquired so many of the things which Germany has desired for herself—victory, empire, and a lasting national tradition. Germany will be our rival. But we can keep her as a friend.

To do this we need not plunge into the dangerous waters of federation,

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which Germany desires as little as we do ourselves. We must be prepared at all times to stand up to Germany in our essential interests, and if necessary to back our words with action. We must not allow reviving German strength to dominate Western Europe. We must not simply follow blindly the American lead. Defence of the West against Communism is vital, but this must not

lead us to bid for German support for Western defence at any price. As long as we retain the respect of Germany, we shall be able to influence her policies. The day we lose that and Germany ceases to regard Great Britain with a tinge of fear, Europe will start on its next journey towards a third World War.

C. J. M. ALPORT.

## FIFTY YEARS AGO

THE second article in the June, 1902, number of *The National Review* was entitled "The Pan-Germanic Idea" and was written by Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, whose knowledge of Germany was exceptional at that time and who also had a German wife. Here are some extracts from the article:—

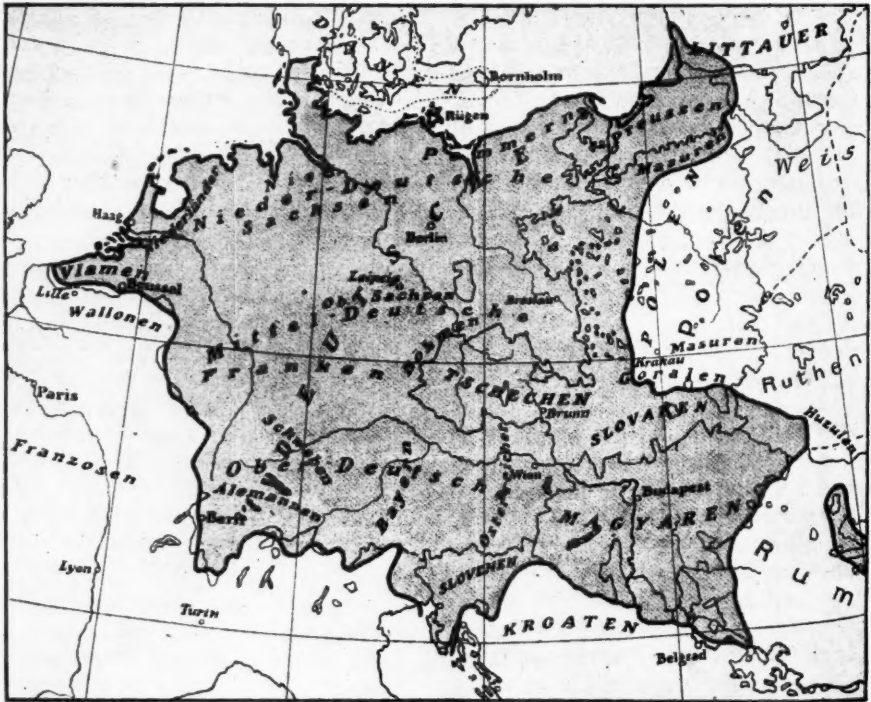
The Pan-Germanic movement has not yet received in this country the attention it deserves. Yet it is one of the gravest signs of the times. It is animated by vague passionate sentiments shaped by material interests such as have always marked great religious and political upheavals. The idea of uniting under one Government all the German-speaking people on the Continent of Europe has haunted the imaginations of leading men in Germany for a long time. In 1813 and 1814 it was expressed in many of the stirring ballads which were sung round the watch-fires of Blücher's army. After the overthrow of Napoleon the Congress of Vienna created the Germanic Confederation. Those who looked forward to the creation of a united Germany were exasperated by this arrangement, under which a number of States, some of them extremely small, were joined together by a very loose bond. This feeling, and the irritation produced by the dull administrative methods which obtained in these States, provoked revolutionary and

democratic movements from time to time, which culminated in the troubles of 1848. In that year the desire for a closer union between the various States of Germany was the sovereign passion of most of the leading men of the country. An attempt was made to elaborate a more or less centralized Constitution, and the Imperial Crown was offered to Frederick William IV, the King of Prussia. That Sovereign did not see his way to accept an offer which in reality was made with the approval of only a section of the people. Notwithstanding deplorable weakness in the early days of the Revolution, he was resolved not to separate himself from the other princes of Germany, and he also shrank from accepting a Constitution which, unlike that of England, was not the development of national life, but a mere figment of the brains of pedants and professors. . . . After the movement of 1848 had spent its force, a society in Germany, called the *Nationalverein*, became extremely active in endeavouring to unite the country under the hegemony of Prussia . . .

This result was, of course, achieved through the Machiavellian statecraft and studied violence of Bismarck; and after 1871 the history of Germany entered on a new phase.

When Prince Bismarck was dismissed from office, Germany was in a state of





THE GREAT GERMAN CONFEDERATION OF CENTRAL EUROPE IN 1950. (This was the original caption !)

extraordinary prosperity, and occupied an international position of exceptional power. Many Germans, however, of learning and consideration held that the time had arrived when a policy of a more forward character, and involving persistent efforts for the expansion of Germany, should be adopted. In the year 1892 a remarkable little work was published, called *Ein Deutsches Weltreich*. This publication . . . marks the commencement of the Pan-Germanic movement in its present form. The writer called upon his countrymen to . . . work unceasingly for the union under one political system of all the continental branches of the German race. He appealed to them to cultivate in all the German countries of Europe the sentiment of a common origin and the desire for political union. . . . The actual pressing work on hand was to instil into all continental members of

the race, without distinction as to whether they were High Germans or Low Germans, the importance of labouring with might and main to form a great Germanic confederation which would dominate Europe and become ultimately the supreme power in the world. A short time after [its] appearance . . . the Pan-Germanic League . . . was founded.

In the year 1895 the League had only 7,700 adherents. Since then it has progressed steadily, and it now has nearly two hundred centres actively engaged in propagating its doctrines, and what these are may be seen in the accompanying Pan-Germanic map, published under the auspices of the League, and showing the future frontiers of the German Empire. . . .

It is exceedingly difficult for the people of this country, from the circumstance that the German language is

not widely known amongst us—at the present moment [1902] there is not a single Cabinet Minister who can read it with ease—to understand the intense animosity against England which prevails in Germany, or to follow the plans advocated by persons of position and seriously discussed by men of light and leading for the overthrow of the British Empire. The various attempts made by our Government to lay this spirit of evil have tended to increase the hostility of the Germans towards us. . . . In the capitals of Europe and elsewhere German diplomatists systematically speak of England in language depreciatory and hostile. According to the German view, the issue between England and Germany is a question of *might*, like that which decided the relative positions of France and Germany in Europe in 1870. Germany, therefore, is now preparing to wage with England a similar war to that she

waged with France. The Pan-Germans are its enthusiastic prophets, but every party or political group in the [German] Empire, even the Socialists, are ready and willing to support every proposal to increase the German fleet, no matter how enormous the sacrifice may be . . . "*Britannia delenda est*" was the motto of Treitschke. He has now passed from this earthly scene, but others . . . preach the same gospel. Men like Herr Albert Schäffle and Delbrück, who was the teacher of the present Kaiser, have more than once told the world in unmistakable language how the next great struggle of the Germans, which is to be fought out at sea, will be "a combat for the annihilation of England."

This contribution to our *Review* half a century ago may now be read as a suitable pendant to Mr. Alport's up-to-date commentary.

## GOOD MONEY AFTER BAD FARMERS

By THE HON. MATTHEW RIDLEY

**I**T is an established truism that this country must grow as much food as possible from its own soil: but most people do not fully appreciate the struggle which this entails. Before the last war we were able to pay for our imports of food with exports, visible and invisible: but now we can no longer afford to import all the food we need, and if we are to increase our food supplies we must look first to our own agriculture. If we fail to make the best use of our soil, our predominantly urban population will soon be faced with famine. Post-war Governments have therefore been committed to a policy which may roughly be defined as "keeping agriculture

prosperous"—with the result that many people now regard British farmers as feather-bedded profiteers, living literally on the fat of the land and grinding the faces of their poor workers.

This conception is of course a burlesque of the truth, but agricultural production has in fact dropped considerably from the peak achieved under war-time conditions. Our agriculture is now maintained by an elaborate system of *ad hoc* subsidies, while guaranteed prices for farm produce have tended to be outpaced by the steady rise in labour and other costs. The main purpose of most subsidies has been to increase the acreage of land under cultivation, and there can

be no doubt that more value is now being obtained from our higher ground. But "development"—in the form of aerodromes, housing estates, open-cast mining, etc.—is taking its toll of much good agricultural land in the valleys: so the improvement, on balance, is not as great as might be expected.

The subsidies or grants referred to, while making it more profitable for farmers to cultivate poorer soils, allow those who are farming the best land to make substantial profits at the expense of the taxpayer. For instance, the recently announced subsidy for the ploughing of four-year-old grassland, while it may (or may not) increase the amount of wheat harvested this year, is certainly most beneficial to farmers who are following their normal practice in ploughing such grassland. Besides, there is one factor which gravely impairs the usefulness of subsidies and guaranteed prices: too many inefficient farmers are being allowed to waste good land. One has only to contrast two adjacent fields to realize the differences which are possible in production or efficiency. Countless farms in every part of the country are producing much less food than they might be producing, simply because they are in incompetent hands, or because the farmers have insufficient capital. Bad farmers are able to avoid bankruptcy because the prices which they get for their output are just enough to keep the wolf from the door, and because rents are so low.

The Agriculture Act, 1947, gave to tenants (i.e. to about half the total number of those then farming in the British Isles) virtually complete security of tenure. Only if a tenant dies or commits some equally serious offence, has a landlord any freedom in the disposal of his own land. The rents which he receives are lower than those paid to his forebears, for the same land,

in 1872: yet he is obliged to maintain the buildings and all the fixed equipment on the premises. Of course it is highly desirable that tenants should not be under the constant threat of capricious eviction: but security should surely be accompanied by some more effective means than at present exist for the dispossession of bad farmers.

At the moment Section 17 of the Act enables "the Minister" to dispossess farmers by the grant of a "Certificate of Bad Husbandry"; and the Minister's power is in fact operated by the County Agricultural Executive Committees, which are mainly composed of local farmers. The latter are thus placed in the invidious position of having to pass judgment on their fellow-farmers, and indeed on their neighbours. It is therefore hardly surprising that, during the first eighteen months of the Act's working, only about fifty certificates had been given—less than one per county in England and Wales. Who can suppose that this figure in any way corresponded to the number of inefficient farmers? If Section 17 is not to remain a farce, the method of working it must be changed.

An alternative method would be to give a State official the distasteful task of passing judgment in the first instance. There would then of course be the right of appeal to an independent tribunal. Needless to say, this would not be a perfect system, and the instinctive reaction of some readers may be that the powers of officialdom should be curbed, not increased. But there are some functions which are better entrusted to individuals—subject to reasonable safeguards—than to committees; and it is now manifestly vital that our land—and our money—should not be wasted. There is no excuse for throwing good money after bad farmers.

MATTHEW RIDLEY.

# BOOKS NEW AND OLD

## A GREAT COMPANIONSHIP

By LORD ALTRINCHAM

AS one of the very few surviving members of that intimate inner Companionship of *The Times* which served the Paper through its most critical years—the decade or so immediately preceding the First World War—I have read the last volume of its official History\* with such a stirring of vivid memories that I seem to have been reliving an age long since gone. As in previous volumes, this last phase of the History has two main themes. One is the internal life of the Paper with the changes of ownership and all the dramatic reactions upon its staff and conduct which those changes produced; the other is a broad review of the Paper's record as a leader or reflector of opinion in national and international affairs. I can write about the authors' treatment of both themes with complete detachment since I was not consulted even about phases of the story in which I was intimately concerned. "Detachment" is perhaps not quite the right word, since it is impossible to write in such a way of people and events so closely bound up with one's own past life. But I have at least no connexion with the story as here told and can therefore write without reserve of the impression which it makes on me.

The authors are, I believe, members of the present staff of the Paper, who joined it in the late 'twenties and had therefore no personal connexion with the men and events described until the Paper had struggled out of an era of constant upheaval into one of comparative calm. Their task, with its

double theme, was therefore immensely difficult. One half of it they have discharged with outstanding success—the internal story of Lord Northcliffe's relations with the Paper and the complicated negotiations which eventually gave Colonel Astor and Mr. John Walter complete control. This is the more important half, and I will comment on it first.

In outline the story is simple enough. Crippled by its expenditure on the action brought by Parnell and the loss of circulation which followed, the Paper entered the 20th century in a struggling condition with an organization (excepting the Foreign Department), an equipment and a financial situation utterly unequal to the competition with which it was faced. It was saved from extinction by Northcliffe, who purchased a majority of the shares in 1908. The new chief proprietor soon expanded its circulation and restored its finances; but his desire to control it personally grew rapidly and would have destroyed its tradition completely but for the tact of its then Editor, Geoffrey Dawson, and the outbreak of war. The desire became an obsession when peace returned, and this caused Dawson's resignation and the almost complete subordination of his successor, Mr. Wickham Steed. Northcliffe would, I am sure, have undermined all public confidence in the Paper's reliability had he not been overtaken by madness and very soon after by death. This took

\* The History of *The Times*. Volume IV. Written and published at the office of *The Times*. Two Parts: 25s. each.

place in August, 1923; but it had then been obvious for at least three years that the Paper must by some means be taken out of his hands, if its character as a national organ was to be preserved, and discussions on the subject began to occupy a good many influential people from the latter part of 1921. I myself remember more than one discussion on it with Ralph Walter early in 1922. The riddle was ultimately solved by Colonel Astor's decision to back John Walter, who had an option on Northcliffe's shares, with a million and a half payable as to some considerable part by order of the Court within seven days. The ultimate bill came to £1,580,000, and steps were thereafter taken to control in the national interest any future transference of shares.

This is a great story, and in the chapters devoted to it it is splendidly told. I have but one correction and one broad criticism to make. It is stated more than once that in my discussions with Ralph Walter in 1922 I held the view that Lloyd George should be made Editor when the Paper changed hands. I can only suppose that Ralph Walter's papers (which seem to be the authors' only authority) must contain some reference which is unconsciously misleading. Lloyd George always had a multitude of irons in the fire and never communicated the whole of his projects and ideas to anyone. He never spoke to me of the Editorship, but he may have spoken of it to David Davies, one of the aspirants to control, who certainly wished him to be Editor on conditions which he carefully laid down. There was indeed a short period early in 1922 when he seriously thought of resigning office—an idea which I did my utmost to encourage, without success. But it never occurred to me in 1922 that Lloyd George could seriously abandon politics for journalism. His prestige as a political leader

was still tremendous, and no one—not even the famous Cabin Boy—thought at that time that he could be drastically and permanently deprived of power. Nor is that all. Editorship in the hands of such a public character as Lloyd George was, and will always be, inconsistent with my view of an Editor's true functions in the Companionship of *The Times*. I wish therefore that I had been shown the evidence on which this statement was made; and I must in any case correct the impression conveyed, because Mr. Wilson Harris in the *Spectator*, and others, have already given the story a wider currency.

My other criticism is broader. I think I can fairly claim that from 1903 to 1913 (with one short interval) I was an intimate member of the inner Companionship which made the policy of the Paper and strove to preserve its tradition as a national organ. From 1914 to 1920 this intimacy was interrupted, because I was almost continuously abroad, but I resumed it through old and intimate friends from 1920 to 1925, when I left England to take up duties in Africa. From this background the stage as set in this official History seems to me so crowded with figures of small or mediocre importance that the men who really saved *The Times* for posterity do not stand out in their true proportions. That may have been hard to avoid; but I think nevertheless that in a final chapter there should have been a Roll of Honour to recall the really outstanding names, and I feel bound as one who can speak with first-hand authority to give three names in the Companionship which, in my memory, rank high above the rest.

The first is Moberly Bell. He was both a journalist and a business man, imaginative and resourceful, with a burning devotion to the Paper which filled his whole life. He created the



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extraordinary staff of correspondents which enabled the Imperial and Foreign Department to restore the Paper's political credit, at least in the field of international affairs. He exhausted himself in devices for dealing with a set of quite impossible shareholders—devices like the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and *The Times Book Club* which for nearly twenty years kept the Paper off the rocks. And finally, when shipwreck was in sight, he had the judgment to realize that Northcliffe's prestige and genius were, despite their dangers, the only sure salvation in sight. The Paper would barely have survived the turn of the century without Moberly Bell.

Second comes Valentine Chirol. He was a statesman no less than a journalist, with courage, self-confidence and a constant resolve that the Paper should make and lead opinion, not merely reflect it. His influence with at least two Foreign Secretaries—Lansdowne and Grey—was very great; and I say deliberately that no single man played a greater part than he did in the shaping of the Triple Entente, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and the rousing of the country to the menace of German arms. These were great services, and in the course of them he gave the Imperial and Foreign Department of the Paper a prestige which it held unblemished till the end of the war. He could have been a prominent public figure, which Wickham Steed as Editor subsequently became; but he preferred the anonymity of the Companionship for the greater part of his career, though he accepted a Knighthood when he retired.

Incidentally it astonished me to read in the first chapter of this new volume that I was seriously at odds with Chirol about the German danger in 1911. The Department's papers must

give some colour to this allegation or it would doubtless not have been made; but papers can be very misleading when studied by historians in isolation, and I am quite certain that page 24 of this chapter contains the kind of misjudgment which papers in such circumstances may often produce. I could wish at any rate that I had been allowed to see such documentation as there may be, and to assist the authors with my personal recollections.

Thirdly, Bruce Richmond. He is barely mentioned in this History, presumably because his services to the Paper are supposed by the authors to have been confined to the literary side. This the History completely ignores; yet the Literary Supplement (of which Richmond was the sole begetter), the criticism of art and music, and the new note of reporting in sport and racing by amateurs who could write and also knew what they were writing about (all this largely of Richmond's inspiration), undoubtedly raised the circulation of the Paper amongst the élite which still made most of the country's history in those "unerlightened" times. Northcliffe recognized this—he was much too good a journalist to do otherwise—but rather grudgingly, because Richmond's was the kind of work he could not possibly have done himself, the Public School tradition (of which he regarded Richmond, the Wykehamist, as a painfully perfect example) being at all times anathema to him. Richmond, however, did much more for the Paper even than this. No one who has not taken part in the production of a big newspaper—sixteen to thirty pages in those days—can understand what care and devotion are needed to preserve the standard of English and of accuracy in every column, working against time and night after night. We worked in those days from 4 p.m. to 4 a.m. for six days

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in the week. Richmond and Capper were the two gorgons who performed the task of over-all sub-editing in the Editor's room. In itself it was a routine duty, but its faithful performance meant a great deal, and it was typical of the quality for which Richmond stood in every branch of his work. Amidst a galaxy of people whose photographs are published in this volume, many of them of minor consequence in the Paper's history, there is none of Richmond. Perhaps he preferred it so himself.

Before leaving this discussion of personalities, I must also pay my tribute to Northcliffe himself. His growing interference with the staff of the Imperial and Foreign Department caused me to resign in 1913: but we parted good friends and I have already intimated that he did much for *The Times*, despite his incomprehension of its character. He was also extremely kind and helpful to young journalists like myself. When I first decided to travel, to Australia and New Zealand, and found that I should not be able to do so on the terms proposed by the necessarily careful Moberly Bell, I took my courage in my hands and went to call on Northcliffe at Carmelite House, having never even met him before. After some talk he gave me out of hand a generous commission for articles to be published in the *Daily Mail*—an arrangement in which Moberly Bell concurred. That was long before Northcliffe was thought of as a saviour for *The Times*. Later I had the experience of travelling with him in the United States, and both there and during my four years' "co-operation" with him at Printing House Square, I always found his company most stimulating. He was a great man in many ways, and just as *The Times* must be said to owe him a lasting debt, so I do not hesitate to acknowledge my

personal debt of gratitude and admiration.

So much for the internal history of the Paper in the period covered by the volume under review. I have made some criticisms and taken the occasion to pay the tribute of an old companion to those who, in my judgment, did most to "save" *The Times*. I must add a brief concluding word about the other theme developed in this History, the record of the Paper during the same period in national and international affairs.

I have already dealt with its record in the two decades preceding the First World War. Its only weakness as a moulder of opinion in that period was its inadequacy upon the crucial issue of Imperial Preference and Tariff Reform. There were two schools upon that issue in the office as in the Conservative Party, and Buckle, like Arthur Balfour, strove in vain to reconcile them. Peace to his honoured memory; he had a hard time in the Companionship with both sides! With Dawson as Editor and Lord Milner, his old chief, to guide his steps, the Paper continued to think and speak ahead of general opinion during the War; it was, for instance, an early advocate of compulsory service and also of the new "Dominion status" which came decisively into being at the Peace Conference in 1919.

But with the transference of the editorship from Dawson to Steed towards the end of that year its character began rapidly to change. Northcliffe, who was already losing balance, thought he should have been consulted about the formation of the new Government in 1918 and developed a violent bias against Lloyd George. Steed for his part had strong convictions of his own, which began to colour the political columns of the Paper and introduced, even into its leading articles, a note that

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pleased Northcliffe but seemed to its old stagers and many others too personal and partisan. Chirol had objected to Steed as his successor at the head of the Imperial and Foreign Department, much as he admired his flair and brilliance as a correspondent abroad; and the reasons he then gave proved in the event his soundness as a judge of men. Traditionalists of the old Companionship—"Black Friars" as Northcliffe dubbed them—both on the staff and outside it, became increasingly alarmed. The climax came with a telegram from Genoa both misrepresenting and denouncing the Prime Minister. It was published (horror of horrors!) under the Editor's own name, and some months of anxious confusion followed until the Paper once again changed hands and Dawson, the old Editor, returned.

All these vicissitudes are dramatically and most effectively described in the History; but since the inner story of public events has evidently been based for a large part on the office records, it suffers at times from a lack of balance and perspective and also in more than one instance from ignorance of what actually happened, to say nothing of the reasons why the surface of events inaccurately reflected the real movements below. Printing House Square is, after all, not Downing Street, though Northcliffe in his last phase seemed to think it was. Two examples of this inaccuracy may be worth citing. One is the story of King George the Fifth's famous speech in Ireland in June, 1921; the other is that of Lloyd George's relations with Barthou at the Genoa Conference in May, 1922. I cannot here explain the errors contained in the accounts given of these two incidents—which are still covered by official secrecy—but I do wish that I had been consulted before these erroneous accounts were published.

These, however, are minor criticisms, and in no way detract from my admiration of the manner in which the work as a whole has been done. The historians seem to me to gain in authority and self-confidence from the later 'twenties when, as I believe, they joined the staff of *The Times*. It was in 1928 that Williams died and Dawson resolved to dispense with a Foreign Editor. This was a sad decision, for it proved disastrous to the influence and status of the Paper in international affairs. The consequences are discussed in the latter part of this History with a thoroughness and candour which do honour to the authors and those who commissioned them.

But though, Heaven knows, I agree with the authors wholeheartedly enough on the demerits of the policy pursued, I found myself reading these argumentative pages with growing dissatisfaction because, for a History of *The Times*, they seemed to be too much concerned with national policy and too little with the changes in the structure of the Paper's hierarchy which resulted in its loss of initiative and influence—in fact, with the moral for the Paper's future career. Let me conclude by pointing that moral, as it appears to me.

No one who reads the History from end to end will fail, I think, to agree that the period in which the Paper exercised its most salutary and decisive influence upon national policy was the fifteen to twenty years immediately preceding the First World War. Its finances were weak and its circulation was small, but its power over educated opinion was in my opinion greater than ever since and, I should also say, than ever before. What was the reason? It lay, I believe, in the strength and quality of the Companionship at headquarters which framed its policy and was known to do so by political circles throughout Europe as well as at home.

As it happened, the Paper was then served by a staff of exceptionally able men. It has, however, always had plenty of ability at its command, and I hope that conditions in journalism will not continue to militate, as they have lately done, against the steady enlistment of young men of the quality required. The dearth of newsprint has been a calamity for Britain and its Press in many different ways. But if newsprint becomes less scarce and costly and political journalism retains its high virtue both as a training for the Parliamentary lists and as a separate career, quality will always be there at call.

Yet the quality of its writers will never, in my opinion, give any organ of the Press the great range of political influence which the Press at its best can wield, unless its writers are enabled to work together as a team. Failing that, they are no more than individual voices, or the voices of a well-known proprietor. Individual voices are now legion, since nearly every politician becomes a part-time journalist when he is out of office, and there is no virtue in individual signed articles comparable to the virtue of a great organ with its massive and continuous power of presentation and argument. The B.B.C. could have this virtue, but it is debarred from expressing corporate opinion or taking a political line. Only a great newspaper can speak with corporate power; but it must be a newspaper inspired and conducted by a team.

To ensure this an Editor must be no autocrat, but *primus inter pares*, ready to give his principal colleagues generous scope in the departments which they control. But he must also be prepared to bring discussion to a head and, if need be, to enforce a decision when disagreement cannot be otherwise resolved. Like a Government, a great

newspaper may waffle wisely for a period while making up its mind, but it must not waffle indefinitely on any major political issue, if its power is to be preserved.

I would add that *The Times* should always have an Imperial and Foreign Department with its own Editor, if it is to be worthy of its extraordinary position as the voice of England in the estimation of newspaper readers all over the world. Most foreigners believe that what the B.B.C. says is true; and most foreigners attribute great authority to the voice of *The Times* in world affairs. No single Editor can keep in close enough touch with international affairs or guide the Paper on them in addition to the vast range of other duties which he has daily to discharge. If he attempts to do so, the consequence must be insularity, over-preoccupation with domestic politics, and failure to produce the instructed leadership which should always be the hall-mark of *The Times* in international affairs—as witness its failure between the two World Wars. The Paper's foreign correspondents moreover inevitably lose zest and status when they have no confidant of their own in the office hierarchy and when their opinion seems to go unweighed by those who shape its policy at home.

Finally, the home team must write anonymously if they are to express a corporate opinion with all the weight that should be carried by the editorial "we." I have been much surprised in reading this History to see leading articles ascribed to individual writers, as though leader-writers in *The Times* were exponents of personal ideas. The passages quoted are, of course, likely to express their writer's own opinion; but it is always more than possible that they loyally express a corporate opinion in which he was over-ruled. I regard this as a bad

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precedent, entirely out of keeping with the corporate principle which made the Paper great, and I hope it will not be followed when the next volume of the History is given to the world.

But when all is said, the greater part of what this History makes public is

rightly made public and in a manner worthy of its great theme. From an old member of the Paper's Companionship, there can, I hope, be no higher praise.

ALTRINCHAM.

# TWENTIETH CENTURY MUSE \*

By ERIC GILLETT

**I**N a few weeks the Oxford University Press will publish for the first time in one volume all the poems of Robert Bridges. He was one of the most impressive and commanding personalities I ever met. Formidable he could be, as when I, a nervous undergraduate entertaining him to dinner at an Oxford hotel, asked him if he would care for some white wine. "Do you want to poison me, boy?" he growled. And it was only when he knew the wine was Château Yquem that the growls died away, replaced by a gratified noise that sounded like a lion purring. Bridges was a rugged man but his poetry was the purest harmony, and I often wonder, when contemporary booklets of pretentious verse appear on my table for review, what Bridges would have said about them. I believe that he would have appreciated and praised the work of Mr. Andrew Young.

Mr. Young's *Into Hades* is an excursion into the next world, and many earlier poets have had their dreams and nightmares of what that may be. Written in simple, almost colloquial blank verse, it is curiously effective. The poet began life as a Scottish minister and is now a Church of England parson. His poetic output is small. He is a singer of the natural

world, a most sensitive observer, a traditionalist. I have an idea that he finds Herrick more congenial than George Herbert.

*Into Hades* begins with the musing of a man who suddenly hears the words of the Burial Service being intoned and gradually realizes that it is being read over his dead body. In an "ambiguous dusk" the poet allows his mind to range from memories of the familiar past to fears and visions of the tremendous future. Mystical awe and beauty are blended in this strange and haunting poem which reaches its peak in the section called "The New Heaven." It is as unprofitable for a critic to attempt to analyse a long poem after only two or three readings as it is for a fumbling layman to dissect a butterfly, but it is possible to form some idea of the quality of this poem by

\* *Into Hades*. A Poem by Andrew Young. Hart-Davis. 5s.

*Wrack at Tidesend: A Book of Balnearies*. By Osbert Sitwell. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

*Personae*. Collected Shorter Poems of Ezra Pound. Faber. 21s.

*The Sailing Race and Other Poems*. By Patric Dickinson. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

*Merlin or the Return of Arthur*. A Satiric Epic. By Martyn Skinner. Muller. 12s. 6d.



printing an extract from it. To my ear this has the authentic ring:

My mind rose to the music,  
dumb as a music-score, my Monitor sang,  
and as I followed him in straight ascent,  
I learnt the language; mouth opening like a  
rosebud,  
I too praised saints, whose worship, raptures,  
flights  
made the New Heaven. But both our songs  
were drowned  
in a waterfall's endless thunder. I shook  
like a fern  
beside its wild tumbling extravagance.  
Salmon  
darkened it, ecstatic bodies leaping out  
to fall back in the defiant roar. My sight  
was swept away with them by the fierce  
whiteness;  
but whichever way I turned, all was the same:  
the Arctic region had melted, broken loose,  
rushed down the map. Defeated like the  
salmon,  
I heard, close as a kiss, "Look back."  
Looking,  
I realized height; I had outstripped the Earth;  
she rose like a star from the nadir. I guessed  
her haste:  
she was ambitious for my sky.

*Into Hades* is written in an accepted form, without affectation or any painful striving after effects beyond the writer's scope, but it would be ridiculous to say that there is nothing new here, nothing worthy of the critical reader's attention. Here is a lovely pattern fashioned out of the faith and imaginings of a poet's mind. It's application is general. *Into Hades* might have been written at any time and appreciated by people of many generations. It is a most satisfying evocation, to be read and read again. I do not think that it will console, but in its own subtle fashion it can fortify the mind against our common heritage.

Sir Osbert Sitwell's *Wrack at Tidesend*, subtitled "A Book of Balearics," is a series of studies in verse of a number of people, many of them eccentrics, at a seaside place known to the author as a boy. They form the second volume

of a trilogy to be called on completion *England Reclaimed*. Sir Osbert is an expert in this difficult kind of portraiture. He has his own elusive formula for conjuring up grotesques against their comfortable, heedless Victorian background. Mrs. Liversedge shivers in her furs. Bishop Criddle deplores his Suffraganuty. Major Postlethwaite haunts the town in his narrow trousers, with a button and a desiccated potato in his pocket. Fat Mrs. Crudeman eats her procession of chops, pork and mutton. Colonel, Mrs., and Miss Nicodeme live imprisoned inside their eggshells of gentility. The Great Nemo tells shabby fortunes on the rusty pier. Lady Holmandale sits clamped in her cupboard with two dozen bottles of whisky. The genteel poor never fail to captivate the poet, as his boy's eye glimpses them, notes them down, adds them to his weird, memorable collection. It is an astonishing assembly of oddities. Here and there a kindly thought breaks through, but the dispassionate approach can be most effective, as in "Lament for Richard Rolston":

Where do you sing your hymns,  
Savouring the oily tunes upon your tongue,  
Send them rolling out from your huge lung;  
Where now in the early spring do you paint the  
rockery white;  
In what sensual heaven for sailors  
Have you taken up your abode,  
You who were so robustly alive, late on the  
road?

You lived in your humour orotund and in a  
world of wonder,  
Watching the sky, catching the mutter of  
thunder,  
Tasting the wine, till it raced in your veins like  
a whale's,  
Watching the skid on the window of rain as  
it flails  
On the grass, thinking of the sea always, of the  
ship plunging.

It is interesting to contrast the elaborate, jewelled style of Sir Osbert's prose,

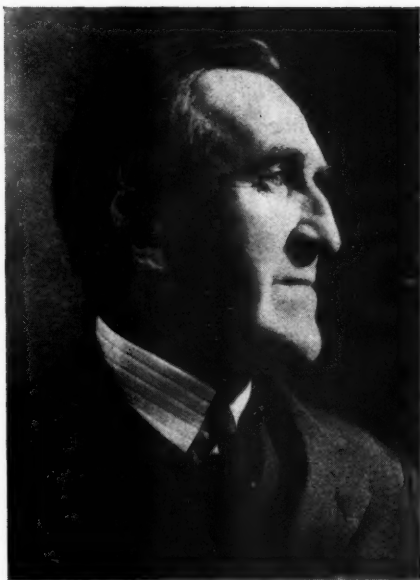
as it marches majestically through his autobiography, with the economical use of words, taut and disciplined, which characterizes his poems. I believe that both styles are equally successful in their kinds, and the stamp of the author's personality is unmistakable. In verse and prose Sir Osbert is a writer of high distinction, and when he fires off all his rockets in a Grand Finale, *Fireworks at the Winter Gardens*, it makes a display that is as satisfying as the remarkable exhibition of pyrotechnics to be seen in Singapore at the time of the Chinese New Year. Fortunately for the people of Tidesend as they stared goggle-eyed at the illuminated Edwardian sky, they could not know

The century is young, the Fates ingenious;  
Once more the Furies ride; behind each child  
The flaring flames throw an enormous

shadow—

The shadow of the Furies.

And with the Furies, among a variegated band of poets and poetasters came a mild-seeming, weakly-bearded American, Ezra Pound, whose collected shorter poems, *Personae*, are now available for the first time in one volume. I remember this not very impressive figure wandering in and out of Harold Monro's Poetry Bookshop in 1914, carrying a string bag of dirty lawn tennis balls, more intent, it seemed, on physical fitness than on the various intellectual crusades which have occupied most of his life and eventually brought him to severe trouble after his odd spell as Mussolini's mouthpiece, an Italian Haw-Haw. Walter Savage Landor combined outbursts of unbridled temper with a serene classicism in his own verse and prose. Pound followed T. E. Hulme, who believed that the "cosmic" style of the nineteenth century was "finished" and that it would be succeeded by an "epoch of hard, dry classical verse."



ANDREW YOUNG.

Hulme influenced Mr. T. S. Eliot as well as Ezra Pound, and Pound and Hulme raised the banner of Imagism with its simple, precise legend. Pound believed in concentration and looked for twentieth-century poetry to be "saner and harder . . . as much like granite as it can be." He talked about contemporary poetry, as it appeared to him before the First War as "a system of echoes—glutinous imitations of Keats, diaphanous dilutions of Shelley, woolly Wordsworthian paraphrases, or swishful Swinburniana."

There was a certain amount of reason in all this, but it is clear that Pound can have paid very little attention to Hardy and Bridges, who were working on very different lines. Joyce thought that Pound was a miracle worker, and said so in a letter to W. B. Yeats, who also came under Pound's influence. There is no doubt that Pound was perfectly sincere in his passion for keeping the language "efficient." Unlike many of his countrymen

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he never used two words when one would do, and he emphasized his belief by conducting his correspondence by postcard. A few startling phrases written crabbedly in green ink seemed to him to be all that was required. Sometimes even that was too much. Often it may be considered that his "poems" were not long enough, but the *Fan-Piece, for her Imperial Lord* is perfect—as an image—although one might hesitate to call it a poem:

O fan of white silk,  
clear as frost on the grass-blade,  
You also are laid aside.

Pound's researches into French, Italian and Chinese poetry may not have been as deep or as important as he liked people to think they were, but he was a sincere experimenter and theorist and I do not believe that the extent of his influence on the poetry of this century has been fully appreciated or understood. When I turn to his work I still feel that a very little of it is enough for me, but some of it has great merit and the *Homage to Sextus Propertius* is remarkable.

It seems unlikely that Mr. Patric Dickinson is an ardent admirer of the works of Pound. His two previous books of poetry showed him to be a poet in his own right and three years of poetry editing for the B.B.C. has had no harmful effect upon his own style. *Stone in the Midst*, his first stage play, is an achievement. *The Sailing Race*, Mr. Dickinson's new book of poems, is an advance on anything he has done yet. There is more confidence, more independence, a freer use of unconventional imagery. The opening to one poem

Quiet as conscience on the Stock Exchange

may not be popular in the City, but it ushers in *Common Terns* with its closely observed picture of their flight:

And as I rose above the shingle crest  
They burst into the air like an explosion,  
A white gusher, a quarter-mile-high fountain  
Mushrooming out into fragments, yet each  
perfect,  
A column of shrieking, milling sound—at  
pressure,  
Terribly like man's work—as if they were  
An atomic bomb and I some engineer.

I felt my human agony then to the full,  
That I for simile of that natural vision  
Should so conclusively immediately choose  
Utter destruction, absolute desolation;  
And sat there numb and grievous, ashamed to  
move,  
As wildly they whirled and wheeled and  
slowly settled,  
Bright sediment down the blue glass of air.

*The Sailing Race* and *Lament for the Great Yachts* are both admirable poems about yachting, and it seems odd that so few poets, except Mr. Belloc, have thought of going to the most beautiful of all sports for inspiration. The names of the great yachts were often poems in themselves, though no doubt Mr. Pound and his followers would find them intolerably romantic. But then Mr. Dickinson is a romantic, and so, I suspect, is Mr. Martyn Skinner, although he chooses to flay current abuses and generally uses an eighteenth-century weapon for the purpose, and very wounding it can be, too.

For his new Satiric Epic Mr. Skinner has gone back to the Round Table. It is called *Merlin or the Return of Arthur*, and the present volume contains only Part One. A few years ago Mr. Skinner was loudly and properly applauded for his three books of *Letters to Malaya*. These contain some of the few memorable poetical passages of recent years. *Merlin* is placed in the future, the "unheroic future," the poet calls it. After a visit to Avalon Arthur is recalled by Merlin

Back to a world that sorely missed its  
Churchill.

The Guardian Powers believe that

nothing short of a visit to Hell will enable him to tolerate "the drastic change from spires and spears to gamma-rays and Gas-works." Hell, it seems, has been mechanized and has a totalitarian technocracy. Satan is head of the Politburo, and Arthur is shown a film of contemporary horrors which Peacock would have attributed rightly to his pet abomination, the March of the Mind. The satire is not as concentrated as in the *Letters to Malaya* but there are some excellent strokes here, as in the description of the Devil's Council Chamber:

a bronze hall

**At once Wagnerian and functional:**

Flushed-doored, false-windowed and

illuminated by

Mock daylight from an ultra-violet sky.

Robert Bridges would have approved of that.

ERIC GILLETT.

## WHO NOWADAYS ?

W. G. GRACE. Clifford Bax. *Phœnix*  
*House. 5s.*

AT this time of day a book about the greatest of all cricketers calls for a very special author; and the latest volume in the series *Cricketing Lives* has certainly found one in Clifford Bax.

Apart from being an accepted master of form in prose, poetry and plays, our author has several strong recommendations for appreciative writing about his eminent subject; he is well versed in the strong club cricket of the West Country which nurtured and produced W. G. Grace, for he annually collected and captained a touring team which won an honoured name in that sporting region; he once hit a ball bowled by a Lord Mayor of London clean out of Kennington Oval, a feat not perhaps beyond the power of the great J. B. Hobbs, but not actually ever credited to him; he was at the early age of eight introduced to the practice of the game under the tutelary eyes of none other than Viscount Simon

and of the future Lord High Chancellor's father.

This last item will be news to most of his readers; but Clifford Bax's intimate knowledge of the West Country it is that makes all the difference to the success of his presentation of W. G., who was, so to say, the giant essence of West Country breeding and West Country life. In consonance with the general character of that world, the whole of the large Grace family, uncles, father and five sons, found time for keen participation in sports and games in addition to (perhaps) more serious pursuits, such for instance as the practice of a country doctor.

We are all tempted to assume that W. G., with his unrivalled record as the predominant batsman and a successful bowler, could have had little time for anything but cricket. Yet he duly went through his hospital training at Barts, properly passed his examinations for L.R.C.P. and F.R.C.S.; and he was the qualified medical practitioner of a country district near Bristol for some twenty years. So we must remember that in the 'sixties, 'seventies and 'eighties there was much less first-class cricket played than nowadays, and that in any case eight out of the twelve months in a year are unoccupied by cricket fixtures. In any case, too, W. G. was as certainly a decent general practitioner as he was the champion cricketer.

Clifford Bax tells how he first saw W. G. in 1894 in a Gentlemen v. Players match at Hastings, when W. G. was already forty-six and our author only eight years old. The great man obliged with a score of 131 and in the course of this innings, his ninety-eighth century in big cricket, he lifted the famous Surrey fast bowler Lockwood straight and high and out of the ground for six. It was perhaps the memory of this huge stroke that settled the bent of Clifford Bax's own style of batting: he was a hitter.

It was in the very next year, in 1895, at the age of forty-seven, that W. G. performed one of the greatest feats of his long career, indeed on all counts the very

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greatest; he scored 1,000 runs in May and 2,346 in the season, with an average of 51.

Clifford Bax, with the nicest skill in selection and emphasis, unfolds the conquering scroll of Grace's scores and wickets from his first public prominence in 1864 down to his final retirement from representative cricket after the first Test Match against Australia in 1899, when he was fifty-one years of age. Ten more years of occasional first-class cricket followed and then five of easier but quite keen club matches. And always throughout this knowledgeable book we are aided by a picture of the background, the conditions and the atmosphere.

Does our author explain W. G.? I think he does. We can see the large loose-limbed frame, the activity, the beard and the tremendous mastery of all kinds of correct hard-played strokes. We can see the subtle, almost round-arm, delivery, for some years the best change-bowler in England. We can see him figuring among the notably fine cricketers of his prime, the Studds, the Steels and the Lytteltons, like a man among a set of boys.

Very interesting, too, against the modern cry for brighter cricket, is our view of W. G.'s "production." As a small boy he hastened or was hustled into perpetual practice on home-lawn and orchard-field. At ten years old he was somehow playing in good grown-up club cricket; at twelve he was holding his own there; at sixteen he emerged into the beginning of celebrity. He always had the competitive incentive, the fruitful example, of first-rate brothers. Imitation counts many times more than coaching in ball games.

It is, of course, a delightful book. Probably now some wit-errant will say that at last our master of form has written something really graceful. Did not Sir James Barrie describe the batsmanship of E. V. Lucas in such terms as "he lays on the wood—two duck's eggs"? And did not Lucas retort that Barrie's bowling was "slow, very; high, very; left-handed, very."

What does Clifford Bax select as the

best thing written or said of W. G.? These lines by D. L. A. Jephson, the Cambridge lob-bowler who was captain of Surrey:

With what great zest through all your merry years

Did you not cast into a million hearts

The golden spirit of our English game,

To hearts that otherwise had passed it by!

Dead; and from Death a myriad memories rise

Deathless; we thank you, friend, that once you lived.

C. B. FRY.

### CHINA'S STORY

THE RISE AND SPLENDOR OF THE CHINESE EMPIRE. René Grousset. *Geoffrey Bles*. 42s. net.

IN the foreword to his magnificent (but alas unfinished) history of China, one of the most splendid works of scholarship and political understanding of our generation, the great German Sinologist Otto Franke comments severely on the general works on Chinese history existing at the time (1930). "Those who know do not write, those who write do not know," is the burden of his complaint; and although the position improved greatly during the next two decades, a gap has nevertheless remained which only a scholar possessing a rare combination of gifts could fill.

With the publication of the present volume this gap no longer exists. M. Grousset's is by far the best short history of China for the general reader in any Western language, a work which, to profound, wide and first-hand scholarship, unusual political insight, and great literary and æsthetic sensibility, adds philosophic grasp and a skill in compact narration that will not soon or easily be surpassed. Both in scope and in proportions his narrative is admirable. In a mere 300 pages of large, easily read type he covers the entire vast story from beginnings lost in the mists of pre-history to the fall of the Ch'ing (Manchu) dynasty in 1912 (treating the last century of the Ch'ing, it should be added, with a summary brevity wholly justified by the general purpose and focus of the book). As befits one of the most



# There's room for the family in a MORRIS MINOR



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## THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

eminent and learned of living orientalists, M. Grousset places the political story of China proper, with all its turbulence, its magnificence, its achievement, and its many and terrible failures, in its proper setting against the immense background of East and Central Asia—a world of remote cities, vast steppes, nomad hordes, and often shadowy kingdoms and empires whose perpetual rise and fall provide an endless series of variations on the constant theme of human mutability. To this great tale, unsurpassed in its epic and dramatic qualities, M. Grousset adds an account of Chinese philosophy and religion, an indication of the many-sided greatness of T'ang poetry, and a superb brief sketch of the glories of Chinese art.



WINE VESSEL : CHOU DYNASTY

A few criticisms can obviously be made; for example, M. Grousset deals in my opinion too summarily both with the tangled feudal struggles of the Chou dynasty and with what is in effect the long interregnum between the end of the Han dynasty and the rise of the Sui (the immediate predecessors of the T'ang)—periods full of political experience and instruction relevant to our own sombre age. But these defects—if they are defects—are mere surface flaws. A word should be spared for the translation, which two British Sinologists have done into excellent English, and for the illustrations, which have been admirably chosen and reproduced, and which include the picture of a Sung crackle-glaze vase as perfect and breathtaking in its beauty as is the Parthenon.

Out of the immense wealth in the

treasure-house of Chinese history which M. Grousset unlocks, a few items may be chosen as samples. When considering the losses which the Peking Government's ruthless policy forces on their own troops in Korea, we should do well, for instance, to bear in mind the toll of bloodshed and ferocity which Chinese quarrels have inflicted on Chinese in the past. Thus, in the Time of the Warring States at the end of the Chou dynasty a total of 302,000 conquered soldiers were decapitated in four years alone, between 331 B.C. and 307 B.C.; in the 34 years between 293 B.C. and 260 B.C. another 830,000 met the same fate; in the single year 260 B.C. the defeated who were thus slaughtered numbered over 400,000.

Among men whose lives have shown the strength of the Chinese spirit is the great pro-consul Pan Ch'ao, a member of a highly cultivated family—his sister was one of the most famous literary women in Chinese history; she and his brother were the authors of the history of the Former Han dynasty—who preferred a life of arms and the glory of conquest in Kashgaria and other regions of the Far West which today form part of the province of Sinkiang. Pan Ch'ao held that "only he who penetrates into the tiger's lair can carry off the cubs"; and on retirement in A.D. 102 after 29 years of most successful campaigning left this counsel for his successors in the government of the Tarim region:

Officers who serve in these distant regions are not necessarily pious sons and obedient grandsons. . . . On the other hand, the barbarians are as changeable as birds and wild beasts. Learn to be lenient with minor faults, and content yourself with controlling the general discipline.

Again, recent events show that the law governing Chinese revolutions, which Hung Mai formulated, is not yet outdated. This twelfth-century author wrote:

Since the days of antiquity, the appearance and cessation of brigandage has been dependent on famines brought about by floods and droughts. Driven by cold or hunger men gather together with loud cries intent on pillage. . . . When there are rascals who practise doctrines of sorcery to



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## CHINA'S STORY

seduce the people, and having waited for a suitable time come out in revolt, the harm that they can do is incalculable.

And, finally, to savour something of the quality of Taoist thought, consider this famous passage by the sage Chuang Tzu, a contemporary of Plato, who died some thirty years after the great Athenian:

How can we know if the self is what we call the self? Once I, Chuang Tzu, dreamed that I was a butterfly, a fluttering butterfly, and I felt happy. I did not know that I was Chuang Tzu. Suddenly I awoke and was myself, the real Chuang Tzu. Then I no longer knew if I were Chuang Tzu dreaming that he was a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming that he was Chuang Tzu.

This passage, with its unfathomable depths and subtle overtones, may serve to remind us of some ultimate differences between Chinese civilisation and our own civilisation of the West. Unlike the West, the Chinese never developed the concept of an individual soul whose ultimate significance and fulfilment lie in the soul's relation to a transcendent and personal God—a concept from which the inner tensions and dynamic creativeness of Western civilisation finally derive, and which (together with other related ideas no less dynamic and creative in their working) also provides the spiritual root of Western ideas of democracy. Unlike the West, the Chinese never developed the majestic philosophic framework of Roman law, applicable to great and small alike, whose influence, as Professor A. N. Whitehead has shown, has extended, through its fundamental concepts of regularity and order, to that realm of science which is one of Western mankind's distinctive and most glorious contributions to humanity. Unlike the West, the Chinese have never developed the practice of systematic empirical interrogation of nature which constitutes the technique of experiment, and which, together with the concepts of regularity and order derived from Roman law, and the fabric of mathematical thought whose origins go back to Pythagoras and Plato, is responsible for the relative mastery over the material world that Western science has developed

—a Pandora's box, it is true, but filled with great excellencies and blessings as well as with great terrors and perils.

Chinese thought crystallized under the Sung dynasty. The great master who gave final form to the new philosophy of the *literati* was Chu Hsi (1130–1200), a man of most powerful intellect, whose system was purely materialistic, and whose synthesis “has been so well thought out (M. Grousset tells us) that the completed chain unrolls with an impressive scientific rigour, as if a Spinoza were employing the material of a Herbert Spencer.” Unhappily, Chu's work was “something of a prison;” it checked the flow of original thought,

barred the way to further speculation, plunged the mandarin into materialism and routine, and was largely responsible for the ossification of Chinese philosophy between the thirteenth and the twentieth century.

Almost immediately after Chu Hsi came the Mongol domination, during which

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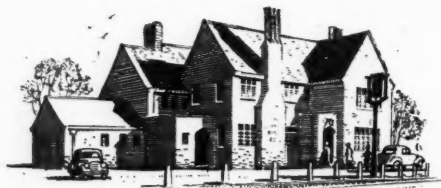
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## CHINA'S STORY

it was as if . . . a spring had been broken in the Chinese soul. . . . In the subsequent history of China we find little trace of [her prodigious earlier] vitality, but instead a lack of self-confidence and a general distrust of the outside world; a faint-heartedness far removed indeed from the great ages that had gone before.

Against this background the conservatism of the Ming dynasty and the long stagnation under the Manchus become intelligible. Against this background we can understand the enormous spiritual as well as political consequences of China's contact with Western civilisation as brought to her across the seas by war, by teaching, and by trade. Against this background we can judge the immense task of national revival to which the Chinese Communists have allegedly set their hand—and can also be confident that, whatever else they may do, they will be wholly unable, out of the materialism and the barren spiritual wastes of Marxism, to draw the waters of healing and the bread of a new life which the Chinese soul requires.

JULES MENKEN.

### VERY ABLE SEAMEN

MY NAVAL LIFE. Stephen King-Hall.  
*Faber.* 18s. 286 pp. Illustrated.

PORTRAIT OF AN ADMIRAL: the Life and Papers of Sir Herbert Richmond.  
Arthur J. Marder. *Cape.* 30s. 407 pp.

ADMIRAL RICHMOND once described himself as "by nature a mutineer." Similarly Commander King-Hall records how he feared that his "unorthodox reputation and independent behaviour" would prejudice his chances of promotion. In this instance he was mistaken, but it is obvious from these books that neither of these exceptionally able officers could have reached the highest rank in the Navy as it was in the first quarter of the century. Both condemn it as having "the body of an elephant and the brain of a mouse. Most of the more obsolete of its ideas were to be sunk without trace by 1918; unfortunately a great many good men were sunk with them."

Commander King-Hall's criticism is the more good-humoured because he writes of the happy days in which, as a very junior officer, he could do nothing about it. But the diaries of a senior captain deliberately seconded to futile duties make sadder reading. However, even a disappointed man like Richmond could find humour in the tale of the three performing seals which the Admiralty hoped to recruit for the anti-submarine campaign.

The success of both men was assured as soon as they left the service they loved in spite of its faults. The versatility of Cmdr. King-Hall is familiar to all of us, and he promises a sequel to *My Naval Life*, 1906–1929, which is to be entitled *My Civilian Life*. If the second instalment is as full of zest and good stories as the first we shall indeed be fortunate. Will the Hansard Society provide as good material as that which produced *The Middle Watch*? Etienne's *Naval Lieutenant* was the best personal record of the first war

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HARRAP

because his ship had the post of honour in all the major North Sea actions. It is pleasant to find many of the Jutland passages here reprinted, with the significant exclusion of naughty old words like "Hun" and "Fritz."

Professor Marder's book is more important, if less entertaining. It is really the self-portrait of a captain, unfortunately not yet an admiral, for it consists of Richmond's diaries from 1909 to 1920. They are well edited and prefaced by a discerning appreciation of the man who might be called the English Mahan; but a book of such historical value deserves a better index than the one here provided. The angry tone, sometimes deteriorating into petulance and self-pity, is partly explained by the fact that it was only to the pages of his diary that Richmond could confide his feelings about a war from which he was excluded because of his incisive criticisms of official policy—

or the lack of it. It may be an editorial exaggeration to call him "the ablest naval officer of his generation," but it is fascinating to see in these pages how many of his ideas were put into practice without any acknowledgment to their real author. The clearness of thought and the brilliant analogies with which all readers of Richmond as a naval historian are familiar are beautifully represented in these pages. Such a self-confident "intellectual" was bound to be impatient with the way we muddled through: "what fools they are, these practical men, who imagine war can be made without study, and who cannot even devise a method of developing practical officers." It was his task after his naval career was over to prevent the recurrence of a situation in which a Former Naval Person (then First Lord) could cheerfully announce the day after war began: "Now we have our war. The next thing is to decide how we are going to carry it on."

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD.

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LOBSTERS ON THE AGENDA. Naomi Mitchinson. *Gollancz. 12s. 6d.*

THE FRIGHTENED DOVE. Peter Hardin. *Heinemann. 10s. 6d.*

MR. NICHOLAS. Thomas Hinde. *Macgibbon and Kee. 12s. 6d.*

CAMILLA DICKINSON is an idyll of first love in New York, a setting not commonly thought of as idyllic. Camilla is the only child of a wealthy architect, a withdrawn, undemonstrative man married to a woman who requires perpetual reassurance that she is loved. When the story opens Camilla is fifteen and is becoming aware of the relationship be-

## Novels

tween Rose, her mother, and a young man who visits their apartment. Camilla retains the child's fear of anything which menaces the security of her home; her childish love for her mother is becoming engulfed in adolescent sexual awareness, which makes her turn towards her father. Gradually it is borne upon her that, indulged as she has been, she was never of the first importance to her parents.

Camilla has a confidante, a school friend named Luisa, whose parents quarrel openly and violently; their children comment and take sides. The exchanges between Camilla and Luisa, if a little sophisticated in their top-dressing by English standards, are perfect in their mixture of the pathetic and the ludicrous. Then Frank, Luisa's brother, who is seventeen and not without experience of girls, falls in love with Camilla and she with him. They are solemn and pure, as the very young are, and doom hangs over them, the doom of separation and loss. The reader, of course, knows it, and the children also know it, which lends dignity to the pathos of the closing scenes. This is an attractive book, told with feeling and delicacy.

*Lobsters on the Agenda* is a picture, painted in minute detail, of a small West Highland fishing community whose population is reft by the proposal to erect a Village Hall. I was entranced by the opening chapters, with the vitality of the talk and the author's obviously intimate knowledge of the people. But the cast, excellent as it is, gets out of hand; it becomes difficult to memorize them all, to say nothing of their religious affiliations, which play so large a part. The plot is not strong enough to carry the load. I did not feel that matters were helped by the author's introduction of herself as a named person—I prefer the conventional narrative "I"—and while I do not doubt that this book has something useful to say about the preservation or modification of the "Highland way of life," I have to say that I prefer *Whisky Galore*. I hope this will not be taken as a piece of typical English frivolity about Scottish subjects. I am just reviewing novels.



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METHUEN

*The Frightened Dove* is an excursion into the Eric Ambler country. Ricci Bartoli, who took active part in Italian affairs before and during the war, has settled down in New York to learn tailoring in his cousin's business, leaving his adventures behind him. News that a once prominent Fascist, who had been responsible for the death of Ricci's parents, is on his way to America shatters the illusion of calm. Incited by his cousin, Ricci sets off to find out what brings Colombo to the New World. The quarry moves on from New York to Montreal, where Ricci discovers that somebody else is also watching his "frightened dove." The mystery, the chase, the killings, are all in the approved fashion; so far the book is very well done.

But the book does not end with the death of Colombo. There is an adroit twist towards the end and somehow this twist, clever as it is, exposes the weaknesses of the story. Periodic attempts are made throughout to give some of the characters, not all, an extra dimension, to interest the reader in their personalities as well as their situation. But because these attempts are sporadic and inconsistent, they make the plot seem more and not less theatrical. Mr. Herdir has not wholly mastered the Eric Ambler trick of conferring the illusion of reality and his hero's philosophic reflections seem only pretentious. It is this suspicion of pretentiousness which mars an otherwise excellent thriller.

*Mr. Nicholas* is a first novel by a young man of twenty-five. Unquestionably Mr. Hinde is a discovery, his book is brilliant. It is a study of family relationships and in many ways it reminded me of V. S. Pritchett's *Mr. Beluncle*. Mr. Nicholas, like Mr. Beluncle, is a ruthless egocentric, but of the class which the late Hugh Kingsmill used to call "mupple"; "five generations at the school, I don't suppose many families can equal that"; "my grandfather the Indian judge"; "Sir Charles Nicholas, Deputy Speaker, four years in the Oxford boat." Mr. Nicholas is aware of the decline of his class; instead of house parties there are tennis parties and there



## Novels

is no butler. There are indeed no servants at all, only a charwoman, and Mrs. Nicholas, past her loving time, toils uncomplainingly in the kitchen while Mr. Nicholas spends nights in town with a neighbour. They live in one of the depressed pieces of country around London, nearly but not quite a suburb, where retired generals and admirals end their days, each with his few acres of pines and rhododendrons. You can smell the damp gravel paths and the shrubbery; hear the tinkle of glass and silly conversation; the plop of balls being hit.

The scene is observed by Peter, the eldest Nicholas boy, who is reading law without enthusiasm at Oxford. Peter has little enthusiasm for anything except painting, and he fears his father's comments on that; he has little vitality, it has all been sucked dry by Mr. Nicholas, whose shadow even falls over his timid exchanges with the current girl friend. David, the second son, is at Harrow; his security is destroyed by his father's manhandling of an adolescent crush on an older man. Owen, the youngest, spends his time blowing up things; he is tougher; one day he will blow up still more things. Meanwhile, Mr. Nicholas is triumphant. The relations of the three brothers with each other and with their parents are perfectly illustrated; the perpetual fencing, the underlying tension and cruelty of the daily exchange. But Mr. Hinde allows for affection and humour; he eschews the dramatic climax for the more natural understatement: not too much can be said aloud. We do not know exactly what pushes Mr. Nicholas over the edge, but we see that behind his monstrous egomania is the need for reassurance and applause. Working always through his class conventions, he is a man-eating tiger, caged in the hinterland of Woking. Could he have been anything else? The North-West Frontier, the Egyptian civil service, the great mercantile houses of Canton and Hong-Kong, they have all gone and there is nothing now for Mr. Nicholas, except the cricket club, the Conservative Association and occasional nights with Mrs. Pawthorn.

RUBY MILLAR.

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

I HAVE had so much experience of the charm and hospitality of Dublin that it was a great pleasure to find this interesting city properly commemorated in *Dublin: 1660-1860* (Cresset Press, 42s.) by Maurice Craig. This is a social and architectural history, written by an historian with a wide and sympathetic knowledge of the builders, buildings, and people. The architectural evolution of the city is linked with the social and political history. In spite of very troubled periods and events Dublin has remained surprisingly unspoiled. The literary associations are strong, and Mr. Craig commemorates them with charm and insight. This is a delightful, well produced and illustrated book.

\* \* \*

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that testify to the writer's warm-hearted interest in his subject. The detailed knowledge of the subject shown in *The Confident Years: 1885-1915* (Dent, 21s.), the fifth volume of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's *History of the Writer in America*, is as impressive as it is convincing. It begins with a panorama of the New York scene in the 'eighties and ends with an analysis of the attitude of T. S. Eliot, who "spread a philosophy of literature through the academic world, especially in America, the basis of which was a virtual denial of whatever gave literature in America its historic importance." A fascinating, thought-provoking book.

\* \* \*

Mr. Harold Herd's *The March of Journalism* (Allen and Unwin, 21s.) cannot be compared with it in style, but it gives a forthright account of the British Press from 1622 to the present day, and is a most useful reference book. To-day the newspaper is produced with incredible speed and under the persistent handicap of paper shortage. Only older people realize how poor a shadow of their former selves the daily and the Sunday paper are. Mr. Herd is perhaps a little too kind to contemporary achievement and considerations of space limit him to a mere glance at the weeklies and monthlies, but he has done something that was well worth doing.

\* \* \*

*Cricket All The Year* (Collins, 15s.) brings Mr. Neville Cardus back to the crease, and no doubt he will be applauded all the way to the wicket. Readers of *The National and English Review* will remember his commentaries on the last English team to visit Australia. A more detailed account of the Test Matches appears here, and with it some pleasant reminiscent essays of cricket and great players of the past. There is a delicious "Conversation with Rhodes, 1950," and some memories of Lancashire in the early years of the century that made me home-

### Books in Brief

sick for Old Trafford. I should describe this book as a neat and polished literary "Fifty." I await Mr. Cardus's next classic century with keen anticipation.

\* \* \*

Two agreeable travel books, *A Sabine Journey* (Putnam, 18s.) by Anthony Rhodes, and *The Shoals of Capricorn* (Longmans, 21s.) by F. D. Ommanney, are written with real distinction and charm. Mr. Rhodes journeyed with a donkey through the Sabine foothills to Rome; Dr. Ommanney, whose *South Latitude* is the Antarctic classic, has been engaged in a fishing survey between Mauritius and the Seychelles, and here offers his experiences with an alert eye for character and action. It is a long time since two travel books of such unusual merit appeared in the book lists of a single month.

\* \* \*

One of the technicolored memories of my childhood is of Lord Leighton's *Captive Andromache*, dissipating with its vivid hues the subfusc shades of a northern art gallery. Mr. William Gaunt brings the artist before us in *Victorian Olympus* (Cape, 15s.), in which he gives an account of the "classic" and academic painters of the last century. Leighton was Olympian, a little beyond, a little aloof from his contemporaries. He was impeccable and yet no one seems to have minded. It appears unfair that any one man should have had such talents and yet retain lifelong popularity. Perhaps posterity has taken its revenges. That remains to be seen. As always, Mr. Gaunt is consistently readable.

\* \* \*

"This book is one man's contribution towards possessing our heritage, towards answering the question: What is the faith of the West?" So, Mr. Herbert Agar in the preface to his new book, *Declaration of Faith* (Collins, 12s. 6d.). *A Time for Greatness* was widely read and appreciated in wartime. Now, Mr. Agar goes on to examine the history and institutions of our Western world. As a Christian he believes

F. D.

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that we can save ourselves only if we serve a lucid faith, and he seeks a common cause for all who inhabit it. This is an eloquent and moving plea for true democracy in the very best sense of that enigmatic word.

\* \* \*

Two war and prisoners-of-war books that rank among the best of their kind, *The Happy Hunted* (Faber, 21s.) by Brigadier George Clifton, and *The White Rabbit* (Evans, 16s.) by Bruce Marshall, should establish themselves in the best-seller class. Brigadier Clifton is a New Zealander, a professional soldier. He seems to be entirely without fear, and must have been a difficult man to keep up with. His account of the Western Desert campaign, followed by his nine attempts to escape is an enormously spirited affair. *The White Rabbit* tells the story of the various missions of Wing Commander Yeo-Thomas during his missions to occupied France, and concludes with the horrifying account of his imprisonment at

Buchenwald and other hellish places of imprisonment. This is a hair-raising sequence. Mr. Marshall writes flamboyantly and in the early chapters the style occasionally distracts the reader's attention from the factual value of the narrative. Later on the writer comes into his own and I have rarely read anything so convincing as this detailed chronicle of the outrages committed by the jailers appointed by the Nazis to guard and torture the prisoners in their hands.

\* \* \*

*Winter in London* is followed suitably by *Summer in Scotland* (Collins, 16s.) and Mr. Ivor Brown is equally happy in both places and seasons. Mr. Brown is one of the foremost of living writers and critics. He has the capacity for enjoying himself and making others share his pleasures that the best appreciators of life and literature have always had. "Places, as I see and feel them, are the nursery of personality and the workshop of things," he writes. Beginning at the far north he works his way down to the Border and a panegyric of Walter Scott. A most companionable and rewarding book.

\* \* \*

*Sweden* (Benn, 25s.) is the first new title to be added to the famous Blue Guides since the war. It is a worthy addition to this excellent series.

\* \* \*

Mr. Paul Blanshard's *Communism, Democracy and Catholic Power* (Cape, 18s.) is one of the most provocative books I have read for some time. The author's main thesis is that two great systems of power deny freedom to men's minds. Rather dramatically, Mr. Blanshard treats his theme as a study of what he calls "the dual struggle for the soul of the democratic world—a study of two institutions, the Kremlin and the Vatican". The question he sets out to answer is "What should democratic policy be towards them?" The reply is given from the American point of view.

E. G.

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# RECORD REVIEW

By ALEC ROBERTSON

## Orchestral

THE wide variation in types of equipment used to play L.P. recordings makes the task of recommending them even more difficult than in the case of 78's; and even when readers are able to hear them before purchase they cannot, for fear of damage, sample bits here and there as they can with 78's: nor, presumably, can they (or the dealers) afford the time to hear them all through. It is not easy to see how this matter can be resolved.

In the case of Campoli's L.P. recording of Beethoven's Violin Concerto, with the L.S.O. under Krips, the recording itself can, however, be confidently recommended: but those who like a full-bodied and robust performance must look elsewhere. Campoli's tone, though unfailingly lovely, is small and he adopts a leisurely tempo, but his playing is so intensely musical that I thoroughly enjoyed, in the quietness of my room, this kind of thinking aloud (Decca

LXT2674). Decca have also recorded Alan Rawsthorne's Second Piano Concerto, composed especially for the Festival of Britain and performed here with the original artists, Clifford Curzon and the L.S.O. under Sargent (Decca LX3066). There are four, instead of the usual three, movements: the second rather noisy and aggressive one being put in to enhance (as the composer says) the intense calm of the slow movement. Rawsthorne has attuned himself to the festival occasion and produced a work of more popular character than his first piano concerto (which also should be recorded). Performance and recording are both admirable.

Telefunken, apparently using a stereophonic method of recording which favours well-defined detail, have issued (through Decca) an L.P. record of great charm. On one side there is Dukas' ever delightful *l'Apprenti Sorcier* and on the other an enchanting ballet-suite by



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*Record Review*

Grétry arranged by Mottl. Franz André gets excellent performances from the Brussels I.N.R. Symphony Orchestra (Telefunken LGM65004).

Toscanini had three tries at recording Debussy's *La Mer*, a work in which he excels, and rejected the lot. Now he has at last made discs that satisfy his exacting standards. The result is highly individual and, in my view, magnificent: the recording of the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra being a great improvement upon what we have often been given in the past (H.M.V. DB21453-55).

On 78's there are also three most attractive works, all brilliantly played and well, if loudly, recorded. The works are Rimsky-Korsakof's *Russian Festival Overture* (H.M.V. C7916-7) conducted by Dobrowen (the trombone recitative not immaculate), Strauss' *Don Juan* (Columbia CX8920-21) conducted by Karajan (the orchestra in both cases being the Philharmonia) and Tchaikovsky's *Caprice Italien* (Columbia LX8924-5) with Beecham and the Columbia Symphony Orchestra.

*Chamber Music*

The Erling Bloch Quartet, a group of Danish strings players, have recorded, with almost complete success, Beethoven's fifteenth string quartet in A minor, Op. 132, the one that contains the great slow movement in thanksgiving for recovery from a serious illness. The difficulty of understanding the late quartets of Beethoven has been much exaggerated: a performance of this character, which shows deep insight into the music and fine team work, should do much to dispel it. As so often, there is a slight tendency to shrillness in the violins, but otherwise the recording is very good (H.M.V. DB20143-47).

*Instrumental*

We shall undoubtedly hear more of Bela Siki, the young Hungarian pianist who was for four years a private and favourite pupil of the great and ever lamented Dinu Lipatti. His performance of Chopin's *Andante Spianato* and *Grande Polonaise Brillante*, and the B minor

## RECORD REVIEW

*Nocturne*, op. 32, shows that he is worthy of his great heritage. His playing is truly musical and will become more sensitive with time. He has a fine technique (Parlophone PW8004-5). Jacqueline Blancard has recorded four of Mozart's piano Sonatas, which, for brevity's sake, I must allude to only as K281-283-545-570, on Decca LXT2666 and plays them with great charm. The recording is adequate.

### Vocal

The recital of songs by Franz and Mendelssohn recorded by Elisabeth Schumann, with George Schick at the piano, must now, alas, serve as a last memorial of the consummate art of this great singer and great woman, whose sudden death in May came as such a shock to the musical world.

The recording of the piano is poor but the lovely voice, so little touched by time, the musicianly phrasing, the tenderness and gaiety we so loved are unmistakably

on this disc (Allegro, ALY51). Irmgaard Seefried continues her delightful recordings of Mozart's little songs, with Gerald Moore at the piano, and offers this time a particularly attractive group (Columbia LX1543). Mozart lovers who have some money to spare should endeavour to hear his enchanting early opera, *La Finta Giardiniera* (K196), which is sung in its German version by a number of excellent artists little known here. Wolf Reinhardt secures a lively and sensitive performance of the work and the music is a joy from start to finish (Nixa. PLP531, 1-2-3).

Finally there is a really intelligently chosen operatic recital of arias from *Fidelio*, *Tales of Hoffmann*, *Tannhäuser*, *Falstaff*, and *The Barber of Bagdad*, which are finely sung by Julius Patzak (on one side) and Otto Edelmann (on the other) and accompanied by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. This is the best thing of its kind that has come my way (Decca LXT2672). ALEC ROBERTSON.



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